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THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE

Friday, January 29, 1982

Border town



הכזמן האחרון



On the cover: Boys at the refugee camp in Rafah wear gifts from their brother working in Saudi Arabia. (Photo: Gideon Glai. See p. 10).

In this issue

Page	Page	Page
Yosef Goell looks behind the television news screen. 3	David Richardson describes the border problem of the Sinai town of Rafah. 10	The Weekend Dry Bones. 19
Mark Segal interviews the Liberal Party's enfant terrible, Dror Zeigerman MK. 6	Alex Berlyne airs some more prejudices. 12	In the Poster Pullout: (D) Matters of Taste; (E) Theatre; (F) Teleriview; (H) Rock, Etc.; (I) Dance; (J) TV-Radio Schedules; (L) Music and Musicians; (M) Between Acts; (N) Cinema; (P) Chess; (Q) Bridge; (R) Art.
Joan Borsten talks to singer/composer Yehudit Ravitz. 8	The Book Pages. 13	
	Marketing with Martha. 18	

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Tomorrow, Jan. 30, 7.30, 9.45 p.m.

TRIALS OF JOB
Jan. 31, Feb. 1
IN ANOTHER PLACE
Feb. 2, 3

Habima

MARIA STUART — 8.30 p.m.
Tomorrow, Jan. 30; Sun., Jan. 31
Feb. 1, 2

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March, 1982

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THE JERUSALEM POST

"STATE BROADCASTING does not necessarily have to mean ingrained anti-government broadcasting," Prime Minister Begin declared in the Knesset a couple of weeks ago.

It is obviously an issue Mr. Begin cares about deeply. The depth of his feelings can best be gauged, perhaps, from a reading of the waves they have sent rippling through the concentric rings of leadership in the parties of the Likud. Finance Minister Aridor, in submitting the state budget earlier this week, pointedly omitted the Broadcasting Authority completely.

This budgetary slap in the face was partly a reaction to the authority's unilateral decision the previous week to raise the licence fee by far more than the rate of inflation. But in a broader sense, it was an expression of the chagrin with which the entire Likud views the treatment it feels it, its members and its government receive at the hands of Kol Yisrael's radio and TV reporters, editors and producers.

OF SPECIAL interest was an almost unnoticed ripple much further out in the Likud pond. A Moda' protégé in the Knesset, first-term Pinhas Goldstein (Likud-Liberals), tabled a private member's bill to amend the Broadcasting Authority Law by two additions. One of these would require greater political balance in news bulletins.

In his explanatory notes to the bill, Goldstein writes: "It is intolerable that in a state authority, government positions should not find adequate expression while the opinions of marginal fly-by-night groups are given an exposure totally out of proportion to their electoral strength and public support."

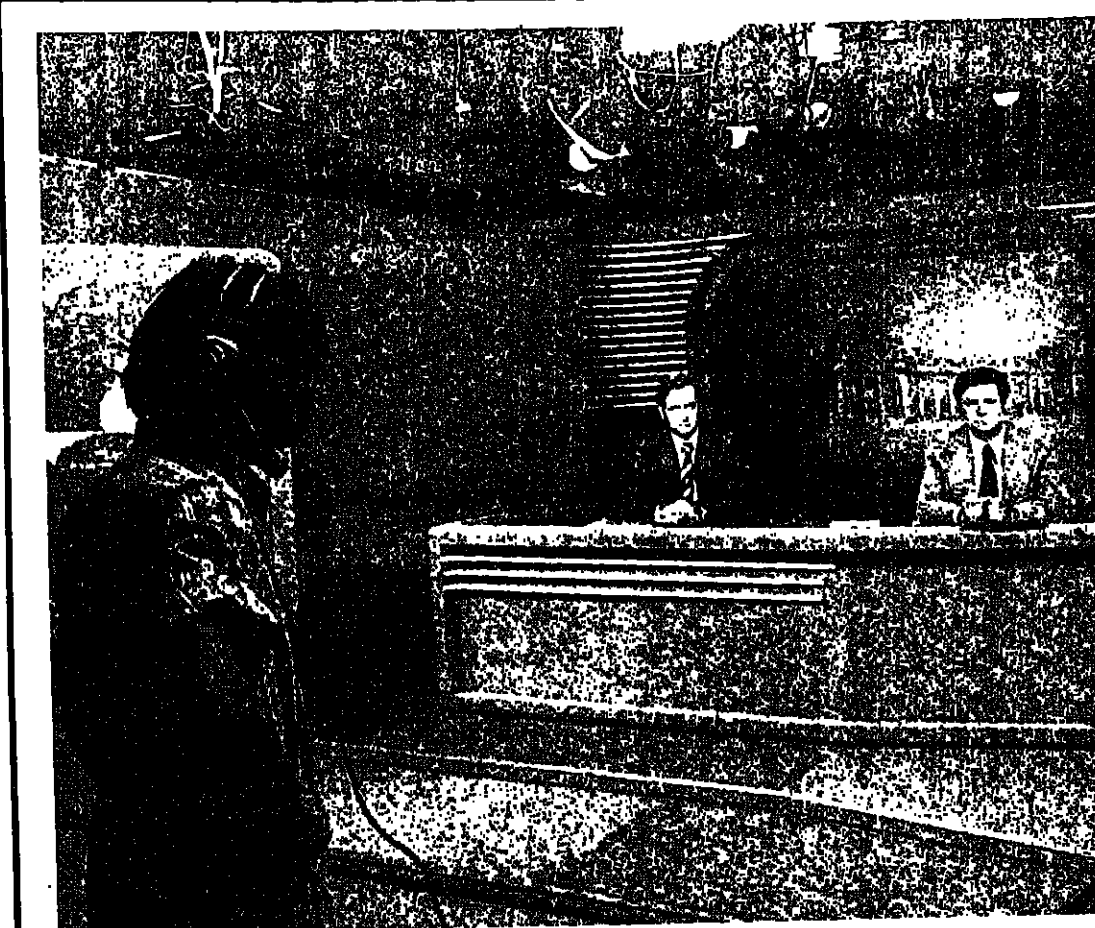
Other Likud politicians were less restrained in their criticism. "You switch on your TV set" said one, "and you get the impression that Yossi Sarid represents half of Israel, and that he and Shulamit Aloni represent the overwhelming majority."

Goldstein is more moderate in his criticism, but he is really expressing the much deeper Likud resentment of the electronic media, a resentment that is all the more bitter because the Broadcasting Authority is a state monopoly, and a monopoly that in the past four years has been controlled by Likud appointees.

OF THE director-general, appointed because of his reputed connections with the Likud-Liberals and his hawkish line as a *Ma'ariv* columnist, Goldstein says: "Tommy Lapid came into the job with excellent intentions, and at first did a first-rate job. But we have a feeling that he has burnt himself out and that it's time that he moved on. Lapid is often forced to give in and go along even when he disagrees with something. But you can't fight everybody all the time."

"In broadcasting, as in El Al, the principle that it is not the workers but the management that sets policy and runs the business must be upheld. But Lapid, who came in to establish that principle, seems to have been worn down."

The initial "first-rate job" Goldstein was obviously referring to was the clean sweep Lapid made of the more visible members of the reputed "Left-Wing Mafia" the Likud saw in every nook and cranny of Television House. The sweep culminated in the ousting of Haim Yavin from his position as director of television news and his replacement by the more pliable Tuvia Sa'ar. The final switch took



Screening the news

How much political bias is there in Israel Television's news reporting? The Post's YOSEF GOELL examines the question in talks with TV newsmen and the director-general of the Broadcasting Authority.

place well before last spring's elections.

YAVIN, whom I met in his office in Television House an hour before his 9 p.m. stint as part-time anchor-man of Mabat, which he does in addition to his main job as Knesset correspondent, spoke of the effect of this clean sweep as a gutting of television and the demoralization of his news department.

"Today, the people in the department are totally passive. They're tired of fighting and it's turned into a clerical job, at best. Tuvia describes himself as a Prussian soldier. 'I do what they tell me to do.'"

"I didn't let Tommy Lapid into the department when I ran it. What I mean is that when he told me to do something that went against my grain as a professional newsmen, I demanded that he give me a direct order. At which point he would often back down and I did what I thought should be done."

LOOKING BACK over the last stormy four years, Yavin tries to compare it with earlier periods in radio and TV, in which he's worked ever since he took his degree in English and Hebrew literature in the late '50s.

"I would say that strong governments and dominant men at their head resulted in great tension with broadcasting staffs, both in radio and in television. The worst times we had were under Ben-Gurion and Golda and in the last few years of the Begin government. It was quite the opposite under Eshkol and Rabin and in Begin's first years."

"People forget that the Alignment had an even harder time with television than the Likud thinks it has. They don't have Nikul Rash

(the satirical anti-establishment programme of the early '70s) to contend with. Kushnir gave Rabinowitz (the Labour finance minister) a much harder time than Spiegelman ever gave Aridor."

"The difference is that the Likud has reverted to the much earlier repressive stages of Labour of the 1950s. Being new to government, and woefully unsure of themselves, they never realized that a democratic government has to live with constant criticism. In recent years, Begin's domination of his government and his patriarchal approach have aggravated the intolerance of criticism."

ANOTHER difference Yavin discerns is the nature and role of the Authority's board of management. This body, he says, was meant to be a buffer between outside pressures and the professional staffs. Under the Likud, the board itself has become a political organ that transmits rather than absorbs pressures, he says.

"There were two developments that proved traumatic for the Likud government and brought about the political backing of the board: the news department's coverage of the West Bank in the first two years of the Begin administration; and the screening of *Hirbet Hiz'a*."

(The latter was the adaptation of Yizhar Smilansky's story about the expulsion of Arabs from a fictional Palestinian village during the 1948 War of Independence, whose screening became a *cause célèbre* in the late '70s.)

"These two events resulted in a coup in which the people they put on the Authority board — chairman Reuven Yaron and Aharon Papo, to mention just two — decided to steer the ship on a sharply rightist course.

"Since then, coverage of the West Bank and the territories has gone down to nearly nil. The public simply doesn't want to see *keffiyas* on the screen. The Arab problem, in all its ramifications, has clearly got on the public's nerves."

YAVIN ADMITTED that, in our discussion, he had shifted subtly from television's problems with the government — especially the present one — to the dissatisfaction of a large section of the public with the TV coverage of public affairs.

"The Likud should be grateful to us for getting that part of the public up in arms," he added. "It's true that they can't stand another Arab on the screen. But the fact that we no longer show the West Bank mayors (interviews with them now require advance approval by Lapid) doesn't mean that they or the problem they represent have disappeared."

Yavin speaks of a long process of such confrontations, leading to battle fatigue among all concerned. "All of us have changed. Lapid, we and the Likud's attitudes. The result has been almost total passivity among the news staffs, and dull television."

"Yaron believes that what is broadcast should be entirely within the limits of a broad national consensus. I believe we should also report events, views and personalities who deviate from that consensus."

"In the days when Dan Shilon and I ran the department, we infused our people with a sense of mobilized, committed journalism. But committed journalism is a source of perpetual trouble for the director, so he's put an end to that."

THE UPSHOT, according to Yavin,

is that Communications Minister Mordechai Zipori is now busy working on a legislative framework that would permit the establishment of four regional cable-television networks that would compete with Channel One.

Yavin thinks that, in the long run, this will be to the good. "Channel One's monopoly must be broken. We will all be better off if it is. The problem is the objective shortage of talent to go around among several television outlets. A second channel simply won't be able to start off at the low level that we did. Channel One has established the minimum standards for any new take-off and they might be very difficult to achieve."

Yavin also believes that it is essential to de-politicize the authority's governing bodies. The unwieldy council should be abolished, the management board enlarged slightly, staffed by non-political public figures chosen by an impartial body like the one that nominates judges.

SURPRISINGLY, one of the men Yavin perceives as his nemesis on the board of management, chairman Reuven Yaron, agrees about the need for its restructuring. He has proposed that the large council be abolished and that the board be enlarged and its term of office changed from three years with the option of a second term to one unrenewable four-year term.

In theory, the former dean of the Hebrew University Law School says, one should aim at a non-political board, but in Israel's situation it is simply not realistic. He believes there is nothing intrinsically wrong with a board of political appointees as long as they are representative of the main political forces in the country but are aware that they are not beholden to them in fulfilling their duties, which is, he feels, largely the situation today.

A conversation with the legally precise, somewhat *yekkish* Yaron, leads to the conclusion that the troubles people like Yavin could be expected to have with him would be more over professional than political issues. Although there is more than a suspicion that the former issues are sometimes used to conceal the latter.

Yaron has an academic's ingrained distaste for the crudeness of the predatory journalist.

"I believe we have a duty to report what is news. That has never been in dispute. While it is admittedly impossible to attain perfect objectivity, I think we must demand that we constantly strive towards it. 'What we are not permitted to do in reporting news, is inject our obvious approach or disapproval.'"

Along with a striving for objectivity he wants a sense of responsibility. And he admits that there have been breakdowns, although in the overwhelming number of cases television and radio behave the way he, Yaron believes they should.

As a non-political example of such breakdowns Yaron cites the inadvertent give-away by Kol Yisrael's international radio monitor, Michael Gurdus, of the plans of a West German anti-terrorist squad on its way to free hostages from the clutches of terrorists in Mogadishu. Another was the way radio and TV (not to mention the press and the police themselves) covered the kidnapping of little Oron Yarden, which was nothing short of catastrophic.

Where Yaron obviously comes

(Continued on page 4)

מכאן לאחור



GOOD NEWS FOR WINTER — FROM RVA

Mrs. Rosal Kraus

Your complexion can look better this winter than ever before — at least, far better than it has since you were very young. This is a big claim, I know, but I have good reason to make it. Because RVA Hydrosmetics now has two extraordinary potent creams which, when used correctly to complement each other, can give your skin that fresh, firm, smooth tone that means radiant youthful health. And as my clients here and abroad all know, our RVA success is based not on advertising promises but on actual results that one woman tells another.

The two products I particularly recommend for this fall and winter are Colastin no. 100 and moisturizing cream no. 23, and together they provide a remarkable and nearly total — yet very simple — daily beauty routine. Both are formulas that I have worked out after much experimentation, and I can now say that both answer beautifully the challenges I set while creating them.

Colastin no. 100 is an extremely rich yet light and non-greasy cream containing two of the components found in the elastic fibres of the skin — collagen and elastin. These two elements control two important skin processes — the ability to retain moisture, and the quality of elasticity. With the years, however, the skin loses this natural capacity, and the result is the aging process: the formation of wrinkles and the onset of dryness. RVA's Colastin no. 100, because it contains these two natural ingredients, helps to restore the skin's youth-preserving functions. You can actually feel it being absorbed, and you cannot help noticing the smoothness of your skin starting with the first application.

As with all our products, I recommend that you first moisten your face with cold water and then apply Colastin with a very gentle circular massage. Colastin is the only product I recommend as a night cream: in general, I believe the skin should be left free to "breathe" while you sleep. But I make an exception in the case of Colastin because it is so light, so easily absorbed, and works so beautifully overnight. In fact, it is so effective that some of its components are sold by other firms in the form of ampoules. However, I prefer my special formulation, which is gentle and combined with natural ingredients.

The second product I particularly recommend for winter is moisturizing cream no. 23, a very rich moisturizer whose effectiveness is also immediately apparent. Its natural ingredients include cocoa butter and vegetable oils, including wheat germ oil. Because all these oils have a plant base, they are soluble in water. This means that when you apply it — again on a water-moistened skin — the moisturizing cream no. 23 forms a light and delicate emulsion which is absorbed by the skin as it moisturizes. In other words, there can never be a greasy film — only your own smooth, fresh complexion. I suggest that you apply moisturizing cream no. 23 every morning, and it may be used under make-up.

Many women believe that, with the coming of cooler weather, their skin no longer needs moisturizing treatment and is in less danger of drying than during the hot summer months. While this sounds perfectly logical, it is actually not the case. Not only is the skin dried by indoor heating, but more important, the body's sweat glands do not work as hard as they do in summer — when, as nature planned things, they provide a film of moisture on our skins to lower our body temperature. Therefore, with winter ahead you should continue to use a moisturizer even though the weather may mislead you into thinking it is no longer necessary.

One more hint. It is wise to change skin treatment products from time to time because your skin, like your whole body, may tend after a period to become "immune" to the product you are using, and its effectiveness may therefore decline. This does not mean that a good and beautiful product ceases to be so, but merely that it is wise to rotate products from time to time. When recommending our Colastin no. 100 and moisturizing cream no. 23 for the coming months, I of course don't mean this in the sense of an arbitrary "fashion change for the new season." Rather, I am very proud that we at RVA have developed such a wonderful product duo, and I urge you to try them — Colastin no. 100 nightly and moisturizing cream no. 23 at least twice a week, used as a change from your regular moisturizer. We at the Kar Institute (RVA skin care information centre) will be happy to give you personalized instructions.

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(Continued from page 3)

into frequent conflict with television's working journalists is in his opposition to "scoops for scoops" sake.

"I simply don't buy the argument that a scoop will run away. It is more important in sensitive stories to check and recheck. Checking is more important than speed in such cases."

He notes the painstaking care with which the *Washington Post* checked all its Watergate stories before publication as an example worthy of emulation.

IF-YARON is bothered by his journalists' penchant for runaway, unchecked "scoopism," he is equally perturbed by their resistance to admitting mistakes.

"Most mistakes are obviously bona fide mistakes committed due to the pressure under which journalists work. So why not admit them when it is obvious that there was a mistake?"

He cited a case in which there was an obviously erroneous report about the prime minister on the 7 o'clock news. He, Yaron, backed up the reporter concerned, but asked for a correction to be broadcast. This was done in the 9 o'clock bulletin, but the mistake was attributed to the Prime Minister's Office.

Following that flap, he had instructed Lapid to issue written regulations on the correction of mistakes. This was done, but, said Yaron ruefully, the regulations are very rarely followed.

He would not admit that there had been any real mistake in the recent broadcast of Haim Bar-Lev's comments on Defence Minister Sharon which has led to the prime minister's intervention. This was legitimate news, he admitted, but the choice of that item to lead the 2 o'clock bulletin at a popular listening time on a Saturday was debatable and even suspicious.

GIL SADAN, one of the younger staffers in the news department, who covers the Israeli Arab scene and occasionally the territories — two of the most controversial and sensitive beats — says he has rarely been on the receiving end of direct pressure from above.

"Most of those pressures were absorbed by the echelons above me," he said. However, he added, "Tuvia Sa'ar is much more sensitive about those pressures than his predecessors. Every time we have to cover a sensitive issue he will be worrying 'But what will they say?'"

Haim Yavin, he said, "was either more courageous or couldn't care less because he felt his end coming."

Sadan, who is one of the few people in the department with formal training in an American school of journalism, spoke at length of the reporters' feeling of greater public hostility to their work than was the case in the past.

"Six years ago we were hardly aware of such hostility; now you can feel it all the time. I remember very vividly that after I did a report on discrimination against Arab in child benefits from National Insurance, I received a spate of abusive phone calls."

"That gave me a shock. But the shock of my life came when I encountered this sort of hostility in connection with last summer's election results. I know that as a newspaperman I should take such widespread public hostility and prejudice into account and I do, but it still comes as a shock."

Sadan's view that TV reporters and editors should consciously take

this hostility into account is not widely held among other staffers. From what Sadan said, it would seem that the proselytizing approach that it is a journalist's task to change the viewers' opinions is more dominant.

According to him, some TV news staffers feel that "they are God's gift to the world. They sometimes display very definite prima donna tendencies and refuse to bend to accommodate uncomfortable realities from the outside."

On the other hand, under Sa'ar there has been a tendency to ignore a large part of the audience which Sadan believes is neither hostile nor prejudiced, and which would like more coverage of controversial issues.

"I go around with a guilty conscience about not doing justice to my main beat, the Israeli Arabs. But Sa'ar has made it absolutely clear that in his view, one Arab issue a week is more than enough. I think that he is not sensitive enough to what a good part of the public, the part that keeps silent, wants."

THE BUTT of much of the criticism from Likud politicians and TV newsmen alike — Director-General Yosef Lapid — sat in his swivel chair in the Broadcasting Authority's offices in the Clal Centre and used them to buttress his own claim to balance and objectivity.

"The fact that the criticism comes from all sides, and from Labour too, is the best proof of my contention that I have not played party politics with broadcasting," he asserted.

"I claim that we have been objective, but on at least one subject certainly not neutral. In regard to anything that concerns the Arab-Israeli dispute I think we have reported the facts, but we have made it clear that we are on Israel's side. We are not neutral football referees in that regard. I believe that while we have an obligation to give all the facts we have no obligation to place our microphones and cameras at the disposal of PLO agitators and propagandists."

"In this sense I think that I have carried out what I promised I would when I entered this job: to make Israel TV more Zionist, more Jewish and more Israeli. The fact that the change has been gradual is the reason why many of my critics are seemingly unaware of it. But believe me, it has changed."

Lapid said that most of his troubles with the TV staff came from the fact that they were not used to a director-general getting involved directly in decisions and insisting on performing his legal function as editor-in-chief.

"In this regard I think it would be fair to say that there has been much more of a power struggle over who will determine what is broadcast than a political struggle over the content of broadcasts."

HE SWITCHED the conversation to his running troubles with a miserly Treasury.

"Just to give you an idea. Our total annual expenditure on all non-news programmes is equal to what Granada spent just on one and a half instalments of *Brideshead Revisited*. The Treasury has collected over four billion shekels from the import of colour TV sets over the past two years, but hasn't given us one shekel to pay for the additional cost of broadcasting in colour."

Lapid is all in favour of a second channel, preferably in the form of a

BBC Two, although he thinks that when it comes it will be commercial.

"My reasons are different from those of some of the Likud politicians who have been pushing it. I think competition and choice for the viewer are essential for good television. Politicians who believe that a second channel will turn into a 'Good News Channel' as opposed to our so-called 'Bad News' are in for a big surprise." He believes that as with the U.S. networks, the news will be pretty much the same on both channels.

Lapid dodged a direct reply to the question as to whether the prime minister's direct intervention in the Bar-Lev-Sharon incident was a mistake, but his position can be inferred from what he did choose to say. "The fact that Begin's intervention on such a marginal event has been turned into a *cause célèbre* is the best evidence that he does not make a practice of such direct involvement. With Ben-Gurion, daily interference was the norm. Yaron phoned me on that Saturday, not in the name of the prime minister, and it was I who decided, after hearing the item, that it was not up to journalistic standards and should not be rebroadcast."

IN HIS *The Powers That Be* David Halberstam writes: "There is an unwritten law of American journalism that states that the greater and more powerful the platform, the more carefully it must be used and the more closely it must adhere to the norms of American society, particularly the norms of the American government."

What is true for privately-owned television in the U.S. would seem to be even more apt for Israel's state-controlled, monopolistic system. News and public affairs reporting on Israel television was certainly out of tune with the balance of attitudes among the Israeli public, and even more so among Israeli politicians, a few years ago.

It would have been unrealistic not to expect a Likud government, representing as it does one of the poles rather than the centre in a deeply divided and polarized Israel, to try to change the content and tone of television reporting drastically. The method chosen was change at the top — the appointment of Yaron, Lapid, and a coalition majority to the authority's governing board, with a clear mandate for change.

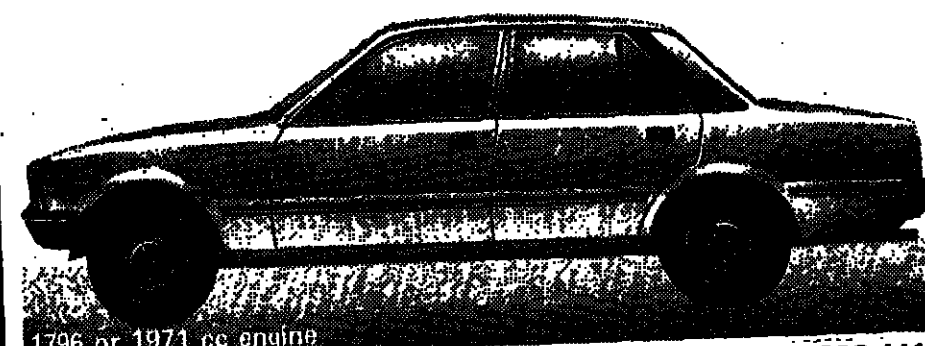
In the course of applying this mandate, quite a bit of the exhilaration, creativity and initiative that is so essential to television staff has been squelched. Part of the fault, however, lies with the TV staffers themselves, who have failed to understand how sensitive they must be to the viewing public's reactions and prejudices.

At times they have allowed themselves the luxury of getting too far ahead of public tastes and opinions, and for that they have been slapped down. But I gaped at the impression that while Lapid is aware that he may have gone too far in bending Israel Television to the will of his political masters, he feels able to back-track.

More serious is his feeling that the present Begin government will not countenance an attempt to change the balance in the news department, but will instead insist on going ahead with establishing what they hope will be a "Good News" second channel and cable

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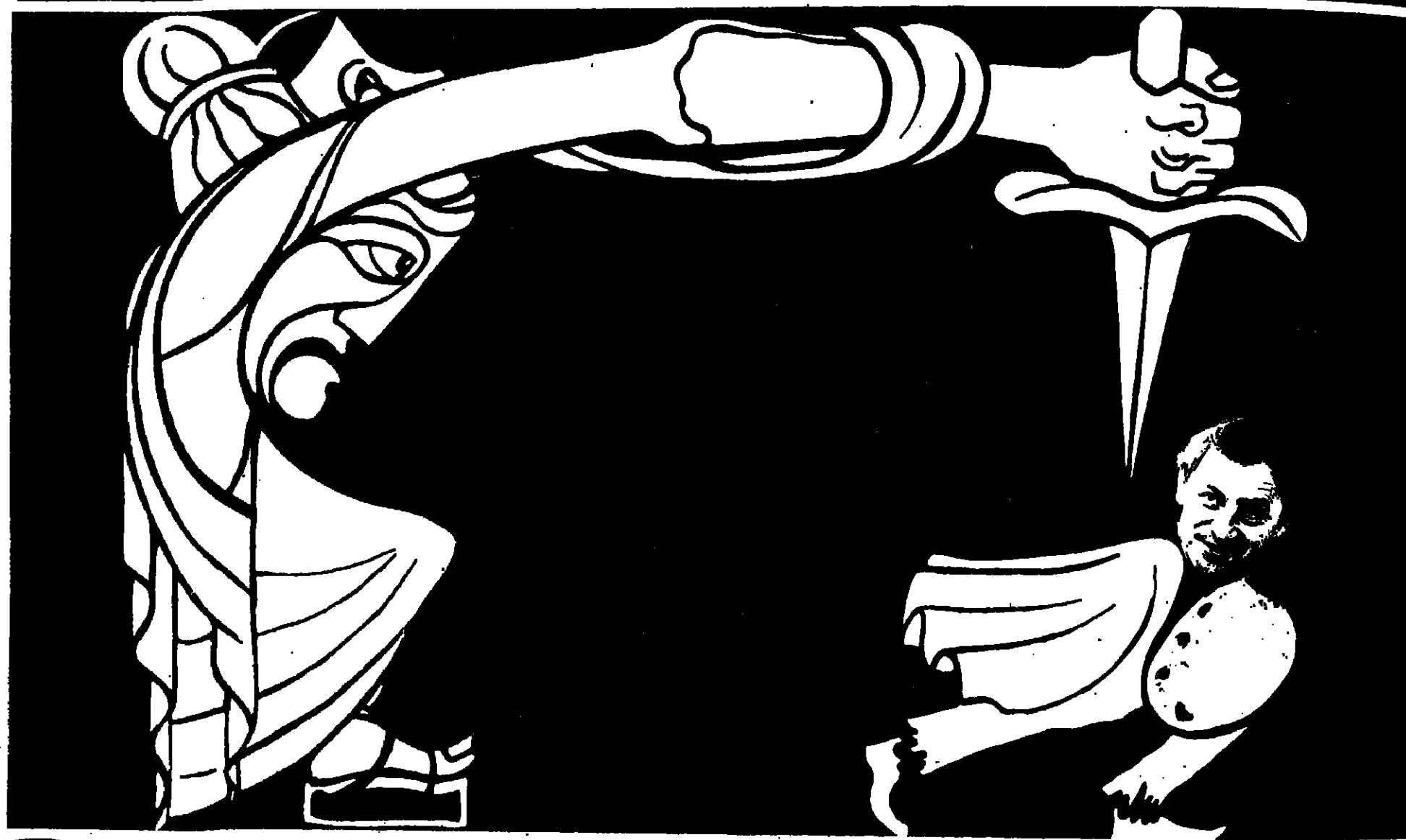
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مكتبة الأصيل



Liberal intrigues

Controversial MK Dror Zeigerman talks to the Post's MARK SEGAL about the crisis of leadership in the Liberal Party.

THE CURRENT spasms shaking the Liberal Party could plunge it into chaos if proper leadership is not re-established soon, preferably by deputy premier and party chairman Simha Ehrlich.

This grim warning comes from the youngest Liberal MK, Dror Zeigerman, 33, and in under half a year in the Knesset he has managed to establish a reputation as the Liberal's *enfant terrible*. To his detractors, Zeigerman is a publicity-seeking young politician on the make who has borrowed Yossi Sarid's media techniques without his biting wit. But Zeigerman's supporters see in him an ascendant leader in the traditional Zionist mould. He claims that, along with like-minded new MK Dan Tichon, he has seriously upset many of the party's office-holders. "We stand firm by our Liberal principles, while all they care about is toiling their positions and trappings of power," he says.

He further claims that his vocal championing of Liberal ideas annoys many of the party's VIPs who are "careful not to irritate Herut too much so as not to risk losing their ministerial jobs." The views Zeigerman expresses in the Knesset Foreign Affairs and Defence Committee on January 17, 1982, like with the Likud, have been widely reported. In a meeting held in the Knesset, Zeigerman, who has been a member of the party since 1977, said that the party's current leadership is "not fit to lead the party."

Zeigerman considers these resolutions a function of "the hysteria that has gripped the factions of Minister-without-Portfolio Yitzhak Moda'i and Tourism Minister Avraham Shari'.

The young MK wonders how seriously the initiators took their own motions; he points out that immediately after the caucus reached to impose sanctions on any MK issuing individual statements, Moda'i went out to proclaim to the media that "we are now in the Liberal Party's last days of Pompeii." He also notes that Knesset faction chairman Sara Doron (of the Sharir group) had previously gone against the party line by not supporting Uriel Lynn's candidacy for State Comptroller in the House Committee.

ZEIGERMAN discounts talk of a party split or of anyone pushing him out of the party, declaring: "We speak for at least half of the party that has kept faith with its Liberal principles." He claims that apart from Sarid and Tichon, his group has the backing of Benny Shalit and Dr. Yehuda Perah. The Energy Minister also enjoys the support of Deputy Transport Minister David Shlitzman, while Commerce and Industry Minister Gideon Patla is lining up his forces against the Moda'i-Shari' bloc. Zeigerman also shares his side with his old patron, the WZO days Jewish Agency chairman Aryeh Duldig and ex-MK Avraham Katz. The party's unity, survival and direction Shari' is demonstrating his inability for leadership, Zeigerman

declares, trusting that with the party chairman back in the country order will be reintroduced. While the would-be successors to the party leadership are marshalling their forces, he prefers the veteran survivor, Ehrlich. "He's the best of the lot and the truest Liberal," Zeigerman maintains, citing the deputy premier's adamant stand against extremist religious demands on the "Who is a Jew" issue and the City of David dig.

He also speaks of Ehrlich's open-mindedness as evidenced by the agriculture minister's issuing an order to curb the Green Patrol, which he had inherited from his predecessor, Ariel Sharon. Ehrlich had acted on information from security sources that the Green Patrol's "Wild West" behaviour was radicalizing the Bedouin tribesmen, who for the first time contained elements co-operating with terrorist groups.

ONE INDICATION of the Liberal's incapacity to perform as a disciplined party was the way it had failed to get its candidates for high office elected. In two well-known cases the candidates had fallen victim to intrigue — Dr. Elimelech Rimalt, who had been nominated for the presidency, and Uriel Lynn (who failed to make it as State Comptroller after the Liberal front bench maneuvered him out of the race).

Zeigerman says that even before the present contretemps, the party's internal divisions paralyzed the caucus work. Indeed, the Knesset faction was hardly ever consulted

by the leadership. Liberal caucus head Sara Doron "is a sensible and charming woman, who is usually close to my ideas, but I regret that she runs the caucus on the orders of Shari' and according to his calculations."

THE YOUNG MK got visibly upset when talking about his party adversaries' "dirty tricks department," with talk of them sending private detectives after him and Tichon, and "spreading nasty stories" about his term as head of the WZO students division. The party rumour factory's linking of his name and that of Tichon with a series of mysterious break-ins at the Jerusalem offices of a West German fund that finances Liberal activities and visits to the Federal Republic by some of its senior politicians, gave him apoplexy. He is fed up with the "disinformation" activities of his adversaries; he quotes press reports that the expenditure of that particular fund was controlled by the Sharir faction.

Despite all the nastiness, however, which seems to be from Byzantium via Bialystok, Zeigerman refuses to accept the quip of Interior Minister Yosef Burg that the Liberal Party, like Mapam, belongs to the category of "ghost parties," existing only on letterheads. Its constituency, having withered over the years. On the contrary, he is convinced that the old General Zionist constituency is still out there, waiting for a party that is truly Liberal, and MKs like him are the watchdogs of the General Zionist tradition. Shari'

and company don't like being reminded, when they hear us quoted on the media, how far they have strayed from our principles," he declares.

ASA fifth generation descendant — on his mother's side — of the Hochberg family that was among the founders of Ness Ziona, Zeigerman can justifiably say that he was born into a General Zionist home. Another element which adds to the fighting sabra image is the fact that he was one of 120 babies born on the fifth of Iyar, 1948, the day that David Ben-Gurion proclaimed the birth of the State of Israel.

His family are still engaged in farming; an older brother takes care of the family citrus groves; the youngest Zeigerman, brother Ronen, is a football star with Tel Aviv Betar.

The maternal grandfather, Zvi Hochberg, was the first teacher at the moshava, and his mysterious brother Sam Hochberg left for Constantinople to get involved in politics. He got only brought out a political journal, but was also an adviser to the Young Turks, and disappeared without trace during the convulsions at the expiry of the Empire.

After Dror Zeigerman completed his military service and saw action in the Six Day War, he studied history and political science at the Hebrew University, where he got involved in politics and was elected chairman of the students' union. His connections, political and family, brought him the WZO students job

— his cousin, WZO Youth and Hehahutz head Avraham Katz (from another branch of the Ness Ziona Hochbergs), smoothed his way in, and WZO chairman Aryeh Duldig's political patronage provided the initial push up the party ladder.

I recall that Elimelech Rimalt, Ehrlich's predecessor as party chairman had lamented the party's disappearance in the embrace of the Revisionist Movement. Zeigerman certainly would not go along with that; he for one has certainly remained a good General Zionist. He explains that they had compromised on their original Liberal programme in order to create an alternative to Labour. "I was brought up with the slogan 'Enough of Mapai rule.' We combined with Herut not in order to further the Greater Israel ideology but to form another regime. We have always kept faith with that credo. We broke with the Independent Liberals in 1965 because the latter preferred to work with Labour. In 1970, we followed Begin out of the national unity government for the same reason. Admittedly, Begin's main motivation in 1970 was his fear of Ezer Weizman's ascendancy, but in perspective he was politically right. I believe that the Likud's rise to power in 1977 was a direct outcome of his move in 1970 after a cabinet crisis erupted over the Rogers Initiative. At the time the late Pinhas Sapir offered the Liberals Gahal's six cabinet seats, with Duldig becoming foreign minister, if we split from Herut. But we kept faith with our Gahal agreement and followed Begin into the wilderness for another seven years. Not because we had become Revisionists but because we never lost sight of our desire to replace Labour."

ZEIGERMAN resumes his despairing tone when talking about his party's current situation, and uses phrases like "the Liberals' tragedy." The party is on the skids "because once it reached power as part of the Likud it lacked the strength and the courage as well as the quality of leadership to implement Liberal principles. Instead, it became a Herut camp-follower."

At this point, the young MK who has managed in his first Knesset term to wangle himself onto the prestigious Foreign Affairs and Defence Committee, begins to hedge. "To be fair, there are a number of Liberal achievements indicating how much of a real influence it could be if it kept faith with its principles. For example, if it were not for the Liberals we would not have had peace with Egypt. And our party curbed a number of extremist religious measures. I also think that the Liberals have moderated Herut, though admittedly not enough."

He confesses his unhappiness with the Herut-Liberal marriage, yet as a practitioner of realpolitik, he is aware that on June 30, 1981, the electorate favoured the two big blocs. "It's also obvious that outside a big party one cannot influence things," he says, adding quickly that potential Liberal voters opted either for Labour or (unwillingly) for the Likud. "They certainly did not vote for annexationist policies or the Greater Israel ideology," he emphasizes.

Zeigerman is painfully aware that many voices in Herut are saying that the 18 Liberals are in the Knesset at their expense. "As a young MK I don't want to be anywhere on such terms. Hence I am very much for our party debating the option of

going it alone in the next elections, and am strongly against a merger with Herut." No, he has not tabled a motion in the party executive forums yet, holding that the Liberals can still strive to improve their image in the 10th Knesset and push for Liberal measures. "At present we have the trappings without the substance of power. I would exchange our six cabinet seats for a weighty portfolio like the Treasury or foreign affairs."

There is a crisis in leadership: "We do not attract new leaders; after all, why should anyone join us if Begin is the vote-getter. If we go on an independent list, it would oblige us to shake up our front bench. It's no secret that there are one or two people who could lead a reinvigorated Liberal Party — Ezer Weizman, for instance."

But Zeigerman is studiously vague on the concrete prospects of Weizman picking the Liberals as his launching pad for a comeback, relating only that he is in frequent contact with the former defence minister.

Herut MK David Magen has asked Premier Begin to have Zeigerman removed from the Foreign Affairs and Defence Committee for advocating non-Likud views. Zeigerman advocates tackling the Palestinian issue by negotiating with any Palestinian element ready to recognize Israel and forswear terrorism. He fiercely opposes Labour's Jordanian option, arguing that it involves handing the territory back to Hussein while leaving the Palestinian issue unresolved.

He is for territorial compromise — not with Hussein, but with a Palestinian representative: "Today it might be Arafat tomorrow it might be someone else." It is not Israel's business whom they pick as their spokesman. It's not a realistic proposal, the Jordanian option is also quite unreal, but it's a dream one can cherish," he says, proceeding to the safer ground of supporting the "Jordan is Palestine" formula of Defence Minister Ariel Sharon and Foreign Minister Yitzhak Shamir.

The young Liberal is hopeful about movement in the Arab-Israeli conflict, arguing that the peace treaty with Egypt has fundamentally altered the nature of the relationship between the Jewish state and the Arab world. It is no longer an emotional-mystical plane, but has shifted to political discussions.

A few weeks ago, while on a visit to Paris, he met *Le Monde's* Eric Rouleau, who told him that the rejectionist states and the PLO were beginning to accept the peace process as a *fait accompli* — they no longer talk of *Jihad*, but in political terms. Hence the pro-Arab French Jewish commentator had advised Israel to watch closely the signals coming out of Riyadh.

Zeigerman is sure that the government was mistaken in its negative reaction to the Fahd programme, which, according to him, should have been welcomed as a point of departure for future discussions.

He also opposes Herut's notion of treating the autonomy scheme as an interim period before annexing the West Bank. "I am as good a Zionist as Begin, and like him I believe that Erez Yisrael belongs to the people of Israel. But unlike him I am ready to compromise on territory for peace. After all, when the Zionist movement resolved to get up the state, it did so by accepting a far-reaching territorial compromise."

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مكتبة القدس

YEHUDIT RAVITZ sat very straight, like a dancer, on the daybed of her North Tel Aviv flat, feet tapping out the rhythm running through her head. Not that the half-Polish, half-Egyptian singer/composer was about to burst forth in song, or give birth to a new tune. Ravitz can't remember a moment when her two big toes weren't in motion, or her thoughts weren't accompanied by background music.

"Sometimes I'd like a little quiet," sighed the 25-year-old high school drop-out who has recorded five albums and added at least a dozen top-notch tunes to the national hit parade since completing her army service.

A whiz kid of sorts, Ravitz began writing music at 13, accompanying herself on the guitar which, like the piano, she plays by ear. To this day she can't read music. Whenever a new melody pops into her head, she captures its essence by humming into the small tape-recorder she carries in her purse. Her training was limited to the classical records her parents played on their hi-fi, and the Beatles and other rock-'n-roll songs her older brother listened to on the radio. But everyone recognized early that music was her forte and when she quit her Beersheba school midway through the 12th grade, it was with the blessing of her family and her teachers.

Unlike many Israeli singing stars, Ravitz got neither good training nor much public exposure during her three-year stint in one of the army entertainment troupes. "It was just another lesson in living," she says. But once, while hitchhiking home, she composed a melody for *Shikat Havan* ("Silent Sea"). And towards the end of her service she recorded a song that caught the attention of Arik Einstein, who gave her a job backing his first *Good Old Eretz Yisrael* album.

"When I arrived at the recording studio I also found Shemtov Levy, who later organized Keshet," she says. She keeps her hands folded primly on her lap but occasionally they stray to play self-consciously with one of the brown locks that frame the long, angular face and intense eyes. "Commercially we were a failure, but the group represented my first good musical experience. And you can still hear one of the songs we did, 'Left-legged Samba,' on the radio in the mornings."

Half a year later she was working with Dani Litani, appearing all over the country as part of a two-man show. Ravitz describes Litani as "like a father, the teacher who put me on stage." Her most important songs from those eight months were "Bad to be Alone," and "One Track Mind" (*B'rush Ehod*). She did not do the music for either — "I still didn't have the courage to sing my own compositions" — but shortly after she slipped into a period of feverish writing, inspired by the traumas and difficulties which accompanied her move from Beersheba to Tel Aviv.

At about the same time she sang *Shivat* for the first time, and though the song Oded Lehrer wrote to Lea Goldberg's words did not win the 1976 Song Festival, it captivated the nation.

"Incredible," says Ravitz. "One night I made my first big appearance on television. Next morning I got up to hear everyone singing my song. For the first time, whenever I turned on the radio, I heard my voice, no matter which channel. It was a very pleasant experience."

A MUSICAL romance began with Matti Caspi, leading to her par-



Music on her mind

Yehudit Ravitz carries a small tape-recorder in her purse, in order to capture any new melody that might occur to her. That's because the singer-composer does not read music, she explains to JOAN BORSTEN.

ticipation in his Brazilian song show, *Aretz Tropi Yafa*. Although he is no longer a major influence in her career, he is still a close friend and much respected, as is Yoni Rechter with whom she teamed up next. They met through Arik Einstein, with whom the pianist/composer/singer had just recorded *Good Old Eretz Yisrael Three*. Two months later they were on tour. *An Evening with Yoni Rechter* was a success, but to Ravitz's dismay, the record wasn't — "and I hope that was the first and last time I produce something I'm not happy with musically." When the show folded a

year later she took a break, spending a month and a half in the U.S. "just listening to music," and then two years giving over 200 shows in kibbutzim, development towns and small clubs, playing her guitar for an hour and a half. "My father died, so it was a very difficult time for me," recalls Ravitz, who wrote the popular "Good Word" about then. "I just wanted to be alone." She emerged from the mood with her current show, consisting of 20 songs, among them her all-time favorites: "Little Songs," "Song With No Name," "Good Word," and "All Right

Now." She also sings those hits her fans love, most: "Four A.M.," "Reflections" and "Ein Gedi." Ravitz has now been in Tel Aviv for eight years. She has acquired two cats and a few good friends. She remains closest to her producer, Ya'acov Gilad, who has been a part of her life since the army. It is Gilad who most often writes the lyrics to her music. "I hear music in my head, not words," she says. "I can't say that the music represents any particular feeling, like love or loneliness, but there is always a story or thought behind what comes out. I tell

Ya'acov what was in my head at the time and he manages to put it into words — adding, of course, whatever he has in his own mind. We share so many experiences that he has an exceptional ability for expressing exactly what I feel."

Locally, Ravitz is influenced musically by Shalom Hanoach. Her foreign inspiration at the moment is Joan Armatrading, an Englishwoman living in the U.S. who writes her own rock-'n-roll, as well as Joni Mitchell, Stevie Wonder and "even now" the Beatles. Her "As to Waters" has just been recorded by a well-known Spanish group and is already on the European hit parade, a milestone in her career financially.

"I'm not making anything with what I'm doing now, because I don't do shows for money under the table or tea commercials. And even that doesn't make Israeli singers rich. Poor Arik Einstein is over 40 and still doesn't own a house."

Despite the popularity of her current show, and the success CBS has had selling her three one-woman records (*Yehudit Ravitz, Covered and Discovered* and *Sixteenth Lamb* — a collection of children's songs), Ravitz is far from rich. The rented apartment she shares with another woman is furnished with odds and ends and a great number of plants. Even the throw-rugs and pillows don't match. The couch, which is covered with a piece of tapestry, is a director's chair. The piano bench is covered with an Indian mirror cloth. The only expensive item in the living room is her stereo.

Now, in the hope of improving her income as well as contributing to the local world of music, she is also working as director of *Ben-zine*, a new Haifa-based group. For the last three months she has devoted almost 15 hours a day to the four musicians, who have just completed recording their first album, produced by Gilad and CBS. She is also busy writing music for a new Israeli film — "a difficult but interesting experience, which involves me with a different aspect of music altogether."

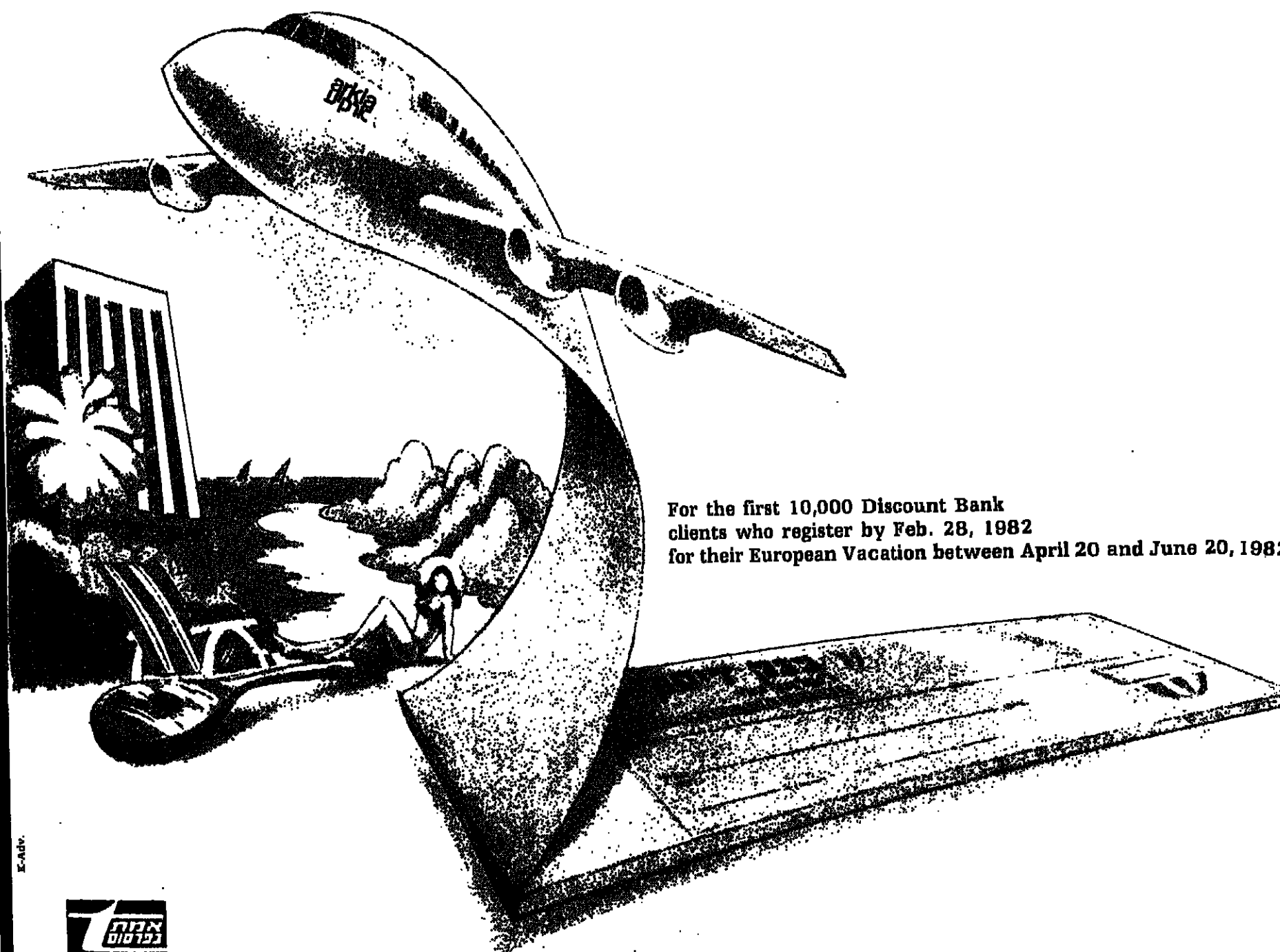
PROFESSIONALLY, Ravitz has matured considerably since her first stage appearance at 19. Always a workaholic, she now puts everything she has into each performance — a tribute to her stay in America, where she saw singers "doing each show as if it were their last." She has abandoned dresses for the clothes she is most comfortable in, usually a soft blouse, simple pants and sneakers. Her compositions get better and better.

In her personal life she is still "Little Yehudit" whose mother makes her soup when she is sick and comforts her by phone when she is in a bad mood. Despite her increasing popularity and critical success, Ravitz remains an introvert, so private that she describes groups larger than three as a crowd, and painfully self-conscious. She shuns the limelight and rarely goes out — the exception being opening nights of very close friends. Unlike others in the entertainment field, she avoids gossip columnists, and does not relish being recognized in the street.

"On stage it's different, though," she admits. "I'm the queen up there. I feel good. I get great satisfaction from my music, from being able to support myself, and from the rapport I feel with my audience. They give me self-confidence. My personal problems all disappear. Only when I'm performing do I feel like a healthy and sane person."

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הכנסת הארבע

A high-contrast, black and white photograph of a field. In the foreground, there is a large, dark, textured mound of earth or rocks. Behind it, a row of plants with large, dark, pointed leaves is visible. In the background, there are more plants and a small, dark structure or building.

A black and white photograph showing a hillside in a favela. In the foreground, a group of children are standing on a dirt path. Behind them, several small, simple houses are built on the slope. The background is filled with a dense forest.

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Fri., Jan. 29 at 2
1. Go West
2. Godfather (Part I)
Sat., Jan. 30, 10:00, 12:00, 2:00
Toulan film
Light in the Darkness 9
Sun., Jan. 31,
Light in the Darkness 7
Sat. 9:15
Mon., Feb. 1, Godfather (Part I) 6:30
Mysteries of the Organ 9, 10
Tue., Feb. 2, Mysteries of the Organ 7
Last Order 9
Wed., Jan. 3, Last Order 7
Pieris Baby 9:15
Thur., Feb. 4, Pieris Baby 7
Last Apache, the Bronx 9:15

EDEN

IF PROFESSIONNEL

4, 7, 9

EDISON

RUSH HUNTER
• JACK NICHOLSON
• CLINT EASTWOOD
4, 7, 9

ISRAEL MUSEUM

Sun. 3:00
Candle Show
Mon. Wed., Thur. 3:00
THE KID (Charlie Chaplin)
Tue. 6:00, 8:00
SENNY

KFR

3rd week
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4, 7, 9

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• JAMES DEAN
• NATALIE WOOD
4, 6, 8, 9

ORNA

4th week
BREAKER MORANT
Best film of the year! No complimentary tickets or reductions
4, 6, 8, 9

RON

2nd week
A scintillating comedy
ARTHUR
• TIA MINNELL
• DUDLEY MOORE
4, 7, 9

SEAMADAR

DIVINE MADNESS
• BETTE MIDLER
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9, 15

SMALL AUDITORIUM BINYAN HA'UNA

LOD OF THE RINGS

2nd week
6:45, 9
7th week
Sat. and Weekdays 7:15, 9:30
English subtitles
The best film of 1981
Israeli cinema critics

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ALLENBY

4th week
BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI
Sat. 6:30, 9:30
Weekdays 6, 9

BEN YEHUDA

3rd week
Ken Russell's
ALTERED STATES
• WILLIAM HURT
Fri. 10, 12
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

CHEN

Closed for renovations

CINEMA ONE

OUTLAW
• JOSEY WALES
Fri. 10, 12
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:15

CINEMA TWO

7th week
PEEPING TOM
• URS ZOHAR
• ARIK EINHORN
Tonight: 10 and 12 midnight
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

DEKEL

2nd week
CAT BALLOU
7:15, 9:30

DRIVEIN

Sat. and weekdays
2 shows — 5:45, 7:30
A big comedy!
THE GODS MUST BE CRAZY

THE KIDNAPPING OF

OF
THE PRESIDENT
• WILLIAM SHATNER
• AVA GARDNER

EMANUELLE AROUND THE WORLD

5th week
Tel. 225610
• JEAN PAUL BELMONDO
LE PROFESSIONNEL
• 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

GAT

7th week
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30
• ALAN ALDA
THE FOUR SEASONS

GORDON

padre padrone

palme d'or
festival de Cannes 77
et prix de la critique internationale
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HOD

4th week
Friday at 10
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
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• CHARLES BRONSON
BORDERLINE

LIMOR

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THE WARRIORS
6th week
Sat. 5:30, 9
Weekdays 5, 8:30

CINEMA ONE

OUTLAW
• JOSEY WALES
Fri. 10, 12
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:15

CINEMA TWO

7th week
PEEPING TOM
• URS ZOHAR
• ARIK EINHORN
Tonight: 10 and 12 midnight
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

DEKEL

2nd week
CAT BALLOU
7:15, 9:30

DRIVEIN

Sat. and weekdays
2 shows — 5:45, 7:30
A big comedy!
THE GODS MUST BE CRAZY

THE KIDNAPPING OF

OF
THE PRESIDENT
• WILLIAM SHATNER
• AVA GARDNER

EMANUELLE AROUND THE WORLD

5th week
Tel. 225610
• JEAN PAUL BELMONDO
LE PROFESSIONNEL
• 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

GAT

7th week
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30
• ALAN ALDA
THE FOUR SEASONS

PARIS

8th week
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Best feature documentary
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(Rex Reed)

MEPHISTO

Director: Istvan Szabo
Based on Klaus Mann's novel, *Mephisto*

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2nd week
festival de Cannes 77
• DUDLEY MOORE
• LIZA MINNELL
• JOHN GIELGUD
ARTHUR
Fri. 9:45, 12
Sat. 7, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:30
Sat. at 11 a.m.

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Fri., 9:30, Sat. and weekdays 7:15
• JANE FONDA
NINE TO FIVE
Fri., 11:30, Sat. and weekdays, 9:30
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DONA FLOR AND HER TWO HUSBANDS
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• STEVE MCQUEEN
THE THOMAS CROWN AFFAIR
4, 6, 8, 9

ORLY

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• TATUM O'NEAL
CIRCLE OF TWO
6:45, 9

PEER

6th week
• DONALD SUTHERLAND
EYE OF THE NEEDLE
Sat. 6:45, 9
Weekdays 4, 6:45, 9

Haifa Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, January 30, 1982

AMPHITHEATRE

• CHARLES BRONSON
• ROBERT DUVAL
BREAKOUT
4, 6, 8, 9

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3rd week
• KURT RUSSEL
• LEE VAN CLIFF
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Manhattan, the most guarded prison in the world, from which escape is impossible
4, 6, 8, 9

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A Neil Simon comedy
ONLY WHEN I LAUGH

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• ROGER MOORE
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KEREN OR

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• NATHALIE WOOD
• WARREN BEATTY
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6:45, 9

PEER

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• DONALD SUTHERLAND
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Sat. 6:45, 9
Weekdays 4, 6:45, 9

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The great Hungarian production
MEPHISTO
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German dialogue

SHAVIT

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6:45, 9

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Fri., Jan. 29: CROSS OF IRON 2
Sat., Jan. 30: VOYAGE AU BOUT DU MONDE 5
JE T'AIME, JE T'AIME 7
SABRINA 9:30
Sun., Jan. 31: BLUE COLLAR 9:30
Mon., Feb. 1: CASINO ROYALE 7
BUSTER KEATON MARATHON 9:30
Tue., Feb. 2: STALAG 17 at 7
JE T'AIME, JE T'AIME 9:30
Wed., Feb. 3: SABBINA 7
CASINO ROYALE 9:30
Thur., Feb. 4: L'ENFANCE NUE 8:30
A VERY MORAL NIGHT at midnight

Ramat Gan Cinemas

ARMON

SAUCER OVER THE CITY
4, 7:15, 9:30

LILY

2nd week
ENDLESS LOVE
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30

OASIS

5th week
THE FOUR SEASONS
• ALAN ALDA
7:15, 9:30
Matinees at 4
• BUCK ROGERS
THE 25TH CENTURY

ORDEA

4th and last week
MISS WYCKOFF
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Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30

RAMA

2nd week
BUTCH AND SUNDANCE
7:15, 9:30

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STRIPE

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DAVID

MIRROR CRACK'D
7, 9

TIFERET

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CONFIDENCE
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Ramat Hasharon Cinemas

STAR

Fri., 9:30, Sat. and weekdays 7
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Fri., 3, Tue. 9:15
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FRIDAY, JANUARY 29, 1982

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

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MIRROR CRACK'D
7, 9

TIFERET

DESPITE the very positive development of restaurants in such places as Tel Aviv and Eilat, Israel still has a long way to go as a gastronomic paradise.

There are few places one would go to especially for a meal, or that one would even make a detour for. If one were to tour the country with a restaurant guide it would be for self-defence, to avoid the inedible, rather than in a spirit of adventure, looking for wonderful new places.

In Upper Galilee, for example, there is one excellent Chinese restaurant in Tiberias, and little more to tempt the gourmet. But an eating place I'd known about for a long time but never tried, is the one at Vered Hagallil, the horse ranch/guest house at Almogor, midway between Rosh Pina and Tiberias.

The horsey aspect of Vered Hagallil is immediately apparent to the visitor, who must pass the stable on the way to the dining-room. Here, the decor is rustic-eclectic, with a collection of found objects adorning the stone and wood interior. The menu, pasted on rough boards, presents few flights of gastronomic fancy, but does offer a well-balanced selection of basic dishes.

Just how rare such an enterprise is in the area could be gathered from the clientele on the day on which we happened to eat there. Among the patrons were a group of senior UN officers and some very high-ranking churchmen in full regalia. Perhaps they, too, were on

Stable cuisine



MATTERS OF TASTE/Haim Shapiro

an outing, drawn by the unseasonably balmy weather of this drought year.

Like the atmosphere, the service was pleasant, informal and very efficient. The Vered Hagallil restaurant is open from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m., with evening meals served by special reservation only.

I began with a bowl of pea soup. The soup was thick and hot and well seasoned. The croutons served in a separate bowl, on the other hand, seemed to have been fried some time before and instead of being crisp were hard and chewy,

detracting from, rather than contributing to, the appeal of the soup. In fact, as I remarked to my companion, it is difficult to ruin a pea soup made from scratch, but our kitchens manage it all too often with their careless lack of skill in the preparation of croutons.

In the absence of fish soup, which was unavailable the day we visited, my companion tried the onion soup, rich, thick and satisfying, with nicely melted cheese, but again spoiled by the croutons.

FOR A MAIN course I decided

upon the chicken in a basket — three large pieces of well-cooked, delicately-breaded chicken, duly served in a basket, but with a plate and knife and fork alongside. Unfortunately, the chips, served in another basket, were rather limp and soggy. The large bowl of coleslaw, however, was very good.

There was a fairly long wait for my companion's main course and the proprietor explained that the grilled bouri (grey mullet) steak she had ordered would take some time because it had to be defrosted. While it would have been nice to have fresh fish, the explanation and apology made the waiting time far more pleasant. The fish, when it did arrive, was well cooked, juicy but thoroughly done. My companion would have liked it seasoned a bit more, but I thought it admirable.

For dessert I had lemon meringue pie. This was the real thing, made with enough lemons to give it flavour and enough eggs to make the meringue tower over the pastry. My companion's bavarian cream had all the qualities of a good home-made dessert, being light and creamy and smooth.

With this we had as much excellent coffee as we could drink, no doubt in the American-ranch tradition.

The bill for two, with a soft drink, came to IS460.

FOR THOSE addicted, as I am, to lemon meringue pie, the only really satisfactory variety is one which in-

cludes, besides the crust, only eggs and lemon and sugar. I finally found a recipe for such a delicacy in a battered 1929 edition of *The Settlement Cook Book*, which for many years reigned supreme in American Jewish kitchens. My apologies in advance to those with cholesterol problems.

For the crust, which the book assumes one knows how to make, I suggest lightly mixing with your fingertips two cups of flour and half a packet (100 grams) of margarine. Then mix in with a fork a scant cup of very cold water. Mix lightly until it just holds together and then leave the dough in the refrigerator for at least an hour. Roll out thin, prick with a fork to keep the dough from puffing up, and bake in a medium oven until the crust is brown.

The filling is made by separating five eggs. Mix the yolks with the juice and grated peel of two lemons and a cup of sugar and slowly heat, stirring continuously, in a double boiler or a heatproof bowl over a pot of hot water. Remove from the heat when the mixture thickens.

In another bowl, beat the whites until they are very stiff. As an aid, add a pinch of cream of tartar or lightly rinse the bowl in vinegar before adding the egg whites. Fold three quarters of the whites into the yolk mixture and pour it into the crust. Beat a few teaspoons of sugar into the remaining whites and arrange over the yolks. Bake for about 20 minutes until the meringue is a pale brown on top.

Vienna would



THEATRE / Mendel Kohansky

THANKS TO THE efforts of the Austrian Embassy here, we are becoming acquainted with the works of Oedon von Horvath, the Austro-Hungarian dramatist who wrote in German and was long neglected by the Israeli theatre.

Tales of the Vienna Woods, now presented by the Beersheba Theatre, is not one of Horvath's most important plays (I am waiting for some theatre to show his *Italian Night*, a shocker about Nazis taking over a town in southern Germany); but it has enough substance and depth to make for an interesting and thought-provoking evening.

Horvath, who died in 1939 at the age of 38 in a freak accident, in Paris, under a tree hit by lightning, early saw the menace of Nazism and expressed his fears in a number of plays. *Tales of the Vienna Woods* merely hints, in a gentle yet terrifying manner, at the horrors to come. The action takes place in Vienna in the 1930s, a sad place beset by unemployment and inflation with ordinary people acting out their personal troubles against the menacing background.

Most of the action takes place on a street corner, among friendly neighbours. There is the Butcher, a widower engaged to marry Marianne, the daughter of the owner of a toy-shop next door, a pretty young girl who is not looking forward to being the wife of an older man.

Across the street there is Valerie, the owner of a kiosk, a middle-aged lady trying, not very successfully, to hold back advancing age. Valerie has a lover, Alfred, the ne'er-do-well son of impoverished landed gentry, who lives off her earnings and spends her money betting, unsuccessfully, on horses. He has also borrowed and lost his grandmother's savings.

Marianne and Alfred meet when the young man comes to get some money from his mistress and spots the pretty girl across the street. It is love at first sight. The handsome loafer gives up his milch cow of a mistress, the young girl abandons her fiancé.

Obviously nothing good can come of that romance, what with Alfred's distaste for any kind of work apart from betting on horses and playing pool. The two find themselves in dire circumstances, especially when their union is blessed with a child.

THE ENSUING events would bear the stamp of soap opera were it not for Horvath's deft characterization and the authentically melancholic atmosphere pervading the stage.

Abandoned by Alfred, who hates the responsibility of caring for a wife and a child, Marianne tries everything to keep body and soul together. She winds up as a semi-nude dancer in a sleazy cabaret, a

job slightly above that of a whore. The child, sent by Alfred to his mother in the country, dies of exposure, thanks to Alfred's witch-like grandmother (Jetta Luca) who has no use for infants.

In the end, broken in body and spirit, Marianne agrees to marry her erstwhile fiancé, the Butcher. We see her, in the closing scene, being led by the Butcher to his house, in a manner suggesting an association with the pigs he slaughters every week to make sausages (for which he is famous in the neighbourhood).

The action is loaded with omens. The Butcher's assistant, a frighteningly tall, bullet-headed young man (Arie Cherner), emerges from the shop to ask his boss about slaughtering a pig, the tools of his trade gleaming in his hands. A retired army officer (Shraga Harpaz), well dressed and well mannered but oddly menacing, frequently comes to buy things at the kiosk and to congratulate the Butcher on the quality of last Sunday's sausages. The immediate future is represented explicitly by Eric, a law student from Germany (Yehuda Moor), a young man who clicks his heels, shouts Nazi slogans, raises his arm in a Nazi salute, and is ready to take on the whole world. When Alfred abandons Valerie, she consoles herself with the blond Aryan who is not above being repaid with room and board for his favours.

DIRECTOR Theodore Thoma well stressed the menace looming on the horizon; some of the scenes, like the picnic where everybody gets drunk and hidden hatreds come to the surface, are very impressive. What the show lacks is proper pacing: scenes drag, causing the audience to lose interest.

The acting is generally on a high level. Tatiana Caneli-Ollier is an appealing presence as Marianne, and Yussuf Abu Varda gives one of his solid performances as Alfred. Yossi Yablonka is the Butcher under whose kind, smiling appearance hides a brute. Margalit Stander is a very authentic nubile ageing lady, and Ariel Furman makes a brief appearance as the over-stuffed, overdrunk Mister America.

FINALLY, a few words about *Girlfriends*, written by Ruth Hazan, translated and directed by Ruth Hazan, and presented by Tzavta. This play might have some merit, but if it has it is deeply hidden under inept directing and acting. It is about three ageing girlfriends who recall and act out their younger days. There are moments of downright embarrassment when the three middle-aged actresses hop around and talk like little girls. I shall spare them the additional embarrassment of having their names mentioned.

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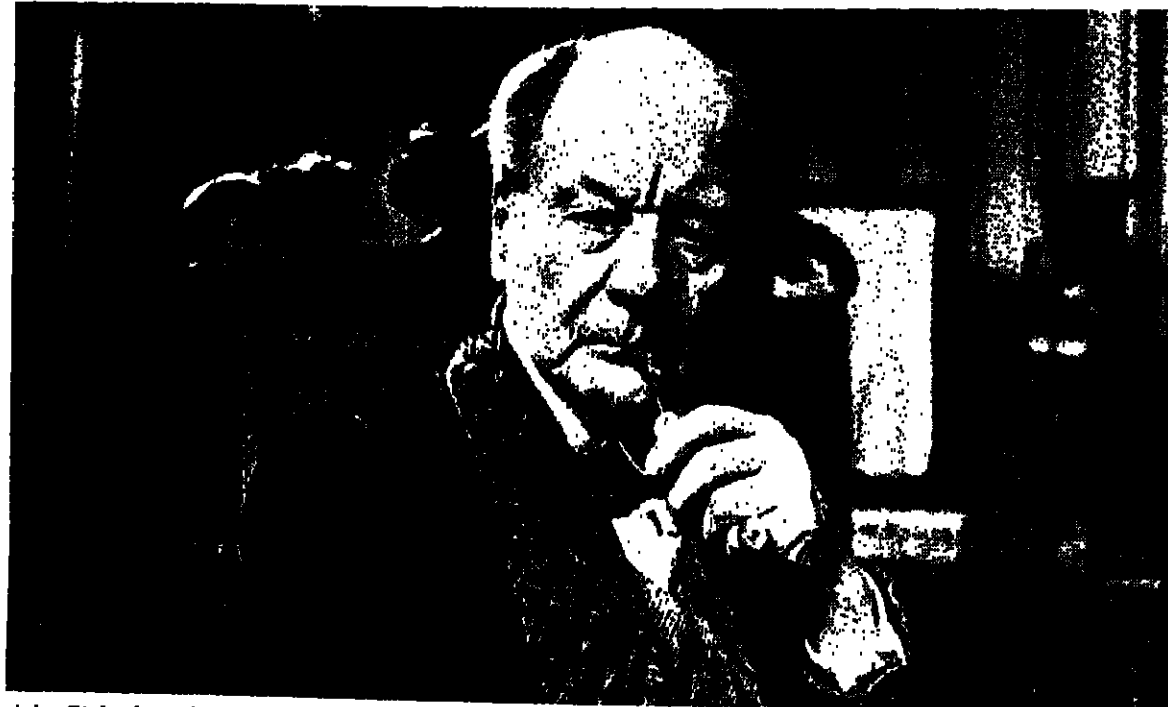
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Wail of a time



John Gielgud as Charles Ryder's eccentric father in Granada's production of Evelyn Waugh's "Brideshead Revisited."

TELEREVIEW / Phillip Gillon

IT IS A GRAVE error to go overboard about a serial when it is just starting. Off I rushed, out on a limb, risking my hard-earned reputation as a sage by praising *Brideshead Revisited* to the skies for two weeks in a row, on the basis of what I saw. Then came the third episode, which was awful.

First of all, I want to lodge a very strong protest about the allegedly incidental music. Somebody who knows more about music than I do told me that it is very original and very good; I don't know about the originality, but I question its goodness, in the light of the purpose for which it was composed.

My own interpretation of it this week was that it was some kind of therapy for lost innocence or lost money or lost something, suitable for the Appalling Doom we know lies awaiting the tragic Flyte family just around the corner. But that corner has not been reached yet, and the two young men with the bare backsides seem to be having a whale of a time in Oxford, Brideshead and Venice. So why the wail in the music?

BUT WHETHER the music is good or bad is a matter of opinion: Israel being a democracy, at least for the time being, everyone is entitled to his or her own opinion, however foolish, even if this involves disagreeing with me. On one thing I am adamant. Incidental music should be incidental, it should be played soft enough to enable us to hear what the characters say to each other. The Rachmaninoff Piano Concerto in C Minor is the kind of

discreet music that would have suited what we were seeing. Instead, the music carried on like Caesar conquering Gaul, or like a modern corporation pulling off a

takeover bid. Being reduced to putting my hands over my ears in order to miss the artillery barrage, and reading Hebrew subtitles although I know the characters are talking

English, is not my idea of fun. My critics may point out that all I needed to do was switch down the sound and rely on the Hebrew titles alone. Unfortunately, I don't have

one of those wonderful remote-control gadgets, and I take my television supine in a deep armchair with a footstool: it is no easy matter to jump from such a position to the sound control knob. Besides, it is hard to abandon all hope that the music will eventually go *placidissimo*, enabling us to hear the dialogue.

Apart from it being so noisy, I found episode three intolerably dull. The direction, so deft and light of touch in the first two episodes, became very heavy-handed; in deference to the views of the young heroes, perhaps I should say heavy-hammered.

DESPITE these reservations about this particular episode, it continued to have a remarkable quality that many British films have, the ability to convey a sense of place. The great house is a vital part of the plot: we feel that we have explored those long galleries and passages, have contemplated the paintings, touched the statuary, looked through the books in the library, smelt the flowers, gone into the chapel, sampled the food and drink. We know the minutiae that make up the lives of the people, not just what happens to them.

The same effect was achieved in the shots of Oxford. This week Venice became of key importance, and we were aware of the rather decrepit Queen of the Adriatic as if we ourselves were on St. Mark's Square or on the Bridge of Sighs or going down the canals in a gondola.

I COULD NOT help comparing this British approach to a site with the

American way of doing things in *Dallas*. Granted, *Dallas* has none of the pretensions that *Brideshead* has, it makes no claims to being Art, its objective is to provide us with a cliff-hanger in which we only want to know what happens to the characters.

Nevertheless, considering how much of the action takes place at Southfork, and that the ranch plays so critical a role in the plot — was not J.R.'s ultimate villainy hocking the old homestead behind Miss Ellie's back, and obliging her to let a bunch of villainous bankers dig holes in the precious soil in search of oil? — we are surely entitled to look over the place, as if we were prospective purchasers.

Nothing of the kind: we see very little of it. As far as I can make out, Southfork is rather like a second-class motel just off one of the great American highways. This impression is intensified by the fact that cars and trucks of all types and sizes occupy large chunks of every episode, as they pull up in the driveway with the flourish of travelers crossing the continent.

There is a pool, by no means Olympic size, but big enough to drown somebody in, without putting anyone off his breakfast (this is a

hint of something I saw on Jordan when Israel was on strike a couple of weeks ago). We have no indication of whether the Ewings have a private tennis court or any other sporting facilities befitting their station in life. There are stables, and horses, but nobody uses them much for exercise, except Ray, and occasionally Jock. The only exercise J.R. ever gets is in downtown Dallas, with Christine or that blonde call-girl. Bobbie used to ride, but he's given it up. It's amazing how fit those Texans keep, considering that they eat hearty breakfasts and drink so much.

Mind you, they may not eat a lot: we never see them having any meals except breakfast. We do not know whether any of them ever reads a book, except Lucy, who is doing *Madame Bovary* at school. Nor are we ever shown if there are any paintings on the walls, or the heads and horns of animals killed on hunting expeditions, or stuffed fish, or sporting trophies. We do know Baby John has a very nice mural, and Sue-Ellen seems to have china in her bedroom.

We also know that the telephone is in the hallway, and that all the bedrooms are upstairs. The resemblance to a second-class

motel is heightened by the fact that the partition walls between the bedrooms are paper-thin, so that everybody knows when the people in the next room are quarrelling, or, on much rarer occasions, making love.

Strangely enough, we are much more familiar with Cliff Barnes' small apartment in Dallas. It's not much of a place, but at least it looks lived-in, to coin a phrase: he has some comfortable chairs, and a divan, and books scattered around, and a television set. Now that he's down on his luck, he seems to have become a TV addict: it is with the utmost difficulty that poor Pam drags him away from the set to discuss Diggs' plans.

Somebody may object that, in a soap opera, such details are unimportant, that the action and interplay of characters are all that matter. But I must insist that we are entitled to know what there is about Southfork that makes all those people go on living there. Is it just because Jock is picking up the tab for bed and breakfast? Incidentally, does Miss Ellie do the cooking, or plan the menus? What appliances does she have in her kitchen?

HAVING REPRIMANDED myself

for praising a serial too lavishly too soon, I am going to repeat that mistake by becoming ecstatic about *To The Manor Born*, the new comedy we are getting on Saturday nights. Penelope Keith is always marvelous in the role of an English upper-class woman, with limited imagination, a minuscule heart and an impeccable accent. The only person who plays the part as impressively as she does is doing so in the house which Winston Churchill occupied at one time.

The story is unfolding slowly but surely: after her husband's decease, poor Penelope finds herself without means, so she sells her magnificent manor and goes to live in the lodge.

The buyer calls himself de Vere, which sounds all right, but he turns out to be a boaster with a real name that sounds like Stanislevsky, and he is not even sure if he is a Pole or a Czech or whatever: all that is certain is that he is not English, and that he is in trade. Will she be able to teach him the responsibilities of the lord of the manor, or, as she herself put it, the meaning of those good old English words, *noblesse oblige*? The future is full of possibilities.

THE ROMANS used to say, in their

nasty way, that those whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad. For some time I have been afraid that we in Israel have been getting the treatment.

Among other things that excited my suspicions was that programme about cults. This week I saw a further sample of our minds slipping, a programme about astrology.

For somebody to believe in this day and age that the stars control our destinies is an amiable eccentricity. On the face of it, if somebody wants to cast his horoscope, by all means let him do so, provided it does not land on somebody else's head. It's a free country, isn't it, is it?

But here we had a whole programme devoted to the subject: what is more, the programme was very well produced and directed, and must have cost a lot of shekels to make. It took the claims of astrology very seriously. And I watched it, fascinated. Quite, quite mad, and without method in our madness.

Somebody has told me that there is a sequel to the Arlosoroff murder mystery about which I wrote last week. Who turned part of Arlosoroff in Tel Aviv into a 'one-way street'?

g Tourist Guide-The Leading Tourist Guide-This Week in Israel-The Leading To

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مكتبة القدس

Soul claimant

ROCK, ETC. / Michal Yudelman

HOLD ON. It isn't often that we get a whiff of the real stuff. So hold on, the unrivalled Queen of Soul is here, sweeping away all those others who claim to be soul singers with one fiery breath. I'm talking about Aretha Franklin, whose astounding *Love All the Hurt Away* (Red Arzi) is everything soul was, is and ought to be.

Difficult to know where to start here, everything is so good. So let's take it from the middle. Side two opens with "It's my Turn" and boy! when you hear this one you'll know all the previous renditions — including Diana Ross's — were nursery-school attempts at an adult game. When Aretha shouts, in that pure, intense, penetrating voice, "It's my turn," all others had better step aside.

From the magical title track, written and sung as a duet with George Benson, through "There's a Star for Everyone" to the incredible "Hold On, I'm Coming" and "You Can't

Always Get What You Want," Aretha's intensity and energy never let up, bringing gospel fervour into anything she touches. Speaking of energy, I recommended the album to my jazz-dancing instructor and for the past three weeks the class has been moving to nothing else.

In addition to "Love All the Hurt Away" Aretha wrote "Kind of Man" and "A Whole Lot of Me," rounding off an album which, as she says in the latter, is the *creme de la creme*.

FROM ONE rare phenomenon to another: a good Israeli rock record. Shalom Hanoch emerges in his new album, *White Wedding* (CBS), as a very different, very much more sophisticated performer than we have known. This effect is mainly due to the album's being serious, heavy rock.

To former admirers shocked by this Hanoch — whom they associated with the kitschy, sentimental songs of "beautiful Israel" —



Aretha Franklin

suddenly shouting, grunting and moaning with strong feeling and an even stronger band, he retorts that as far as he's concerned, all music being created in Israel is part of "beautiful Israel."

Anyone who thinks this is a "new" Shalom Hanoch must have forgotten "the deeper the bluer." For, after all, it isn't so much that he's different, as that he's

developed and progressed, and is merely following the trend he embarked on in the past.

Combining a warm voice, melodiousness and heavy rock, Hanoch has achieved an excellence far beyond anything ever done in this line before in Israel. Especially arresting, and already hits on local radio, are "The Familiar Ways," "Song for the Road," "Oh You,"

and "Release Me." Oh, and one of the most important things: the arrangements and musical production are by Jaroslav Jacobovic, whose name is not to be taken lightly on the Israeli rock scene.

YOU GOTTA hand it to The Human League: none of this British group's members was a trained musician. They were merely working together on electronics in music.

But their album *Dare* (General Music Company) soared to the top of the charts in England and its hit song, "Don't You Want Me," was aired several times a day on radio stations here, as well as being chosen for song of the week on the army channel. In fact, their success has been such that they've been labelled "the Abba of the Eighties" (yes, I know, that really is taking things a bit too far).

Despite its electronic, futuristic character, The Human League's music is laced with humour and anecdotes from real life, which contrast cutely with the detached presentation of the songs. As a *Melody Maker* critic noted, "The Human League are one of the very worst groups in the world, gloriously attempting to do justice to some of the greatest songs ever composed." Meanwhile, they still have quite a way to go.

Dreamy debut



Bat Dor's Miriam Paskalsky (above) and Igal Berdichevsky.



DANCE

Dora Sowden

GENE HILL SAGAN'S *Rhapsody*, premiered by the Bat-Dor Dance Company (Jerusalem Theatre, January 23), is just that — a romantic composition in motion to the music of Elgar's *Allegro for Strings*. The dancers looked like the embodiment of love, dream, hope, of the swirl of thought and feeling.

Miriam Paskalsky and Igal Berdichevsky in the opening duet immediately established the poetic climate. Against a backdrop streaked with shafts of light they danced with lyrical ardour and suave enchantment. Sagan's costuming also gave them radiance. Dressed in cyclamen colour — she in wide-skirted robe, he in shining tights and loose blouse — they were beautiful to watch, and the eight other dancers in similar costume in blue made extravagantly lovely patterns, singly and in couples.

The rhapsodic sense was main-

tained largely by close communion with the mood of the grand music, but also by a kinetic tempo that kept the stage alive with energy and art. Sagan used the air forcefully here, the men in constant animation leaping or swinging the women around and up at various elevations, the women always in graceful attitudes. Particularly vivid was the arm mobility — here beyond the choreographer's known way of projecting emotion.

The rest of the programme consisted of repeats, but in Alvin Ailey's *Myth* (music: Stravinsky), the change of cast gave a new angle to its fantasy. In a woodland setting (a tree shape on the backdrop enhancing the notion), the nymph this time was Hannah Alex, with Pierre André Morard, Jaime Petty and Philip Clyde as the phases of her love life, the one she played with, the one she loved, the one who conquered her. Alex is an exceptional dancer and suggested youth and fluency, but this role needed more sensuousness to match that of the three males.

Domy Reiter Soffer's *Essays I*

and 2 seemed less creative than at its premiere recently. Paul Taylor's *Clown Kingdom*, though cleverly honed, was less subtly comic because changes in the music (Corelli, Cowell, Miller) were not always snappily coordinated with the switches in dance style.

AFTER WORKING with the Kibbutz Dance Company, Japanese-born dancer-choreographer Kei Takei gave a demonstration of her arts with eight of the company and her own partner, Luz Brezer, at the Tel Aviv Museum (January 18).

What we saw was certainly unusual. Takei has lived for many years in the U.S., but in her work she has made use of her origins in an inventive, bold way without following trendy modern dance and without producing Japanese deco.

There was an unmistakable Japanese accent in her work as in her voice, yet the "language" was immediately understandable, both in the preliminary exercises to illustrate her methods and in the excerpts from her marathon work, *Light*, which has 15 parts and is said to take 12 hours to perform — as presented in New York.

On the stage was a large circle of small, white stones, and the exercises were done mostly within this ring. Sitting on the floor, the dancers began by rubbing their bellies, then they rubbed their hands fast. Sometimes their legs were in the lotus position, sometimes they lay prone, raising themselves on arms and legs, expelling their breath in huff-huff sounds. This discipline used the body in new ways. In one exercise, three men performed a crawl-and-fall movement at incredible speed an astonishing number of times, engendering the kind of excitement Russian folk dancers do.

There was then an "open rehearsal" of Part II of *Light* called "Stonefield," in which the dancers held stones that fitted into their palms and served to make "music." They stepped with heavy tread, adding their beat to the stone sound, forming geometric groupings, antagonistic and harmonious, until in full ensemble they slipped their stomachs, bent back, bounced on their bottoms and waved their legs in the air.

THIS WAS a truly fun-funale that showed the choreographer's idiosyncratic humour — which was even more evident in the next item: Part 14 of *Light*, a duet called Carrying baskets "Pinecone field."

Carrying baskets on their backs, Kei Takei and Luz Brezer — he in black and she in red in a tunic-trouser Japanese peasant style — stood on the stage with their mouths open. They uttered ho-ho sounds of many kinds — surprised, fearful, angry, affectionate, despairing — all the time moving closely, mostly with linked hands. They illustrated a whole pattern of their lives in jerky movements or swift turns, ending with the groan-moan of the tired, the overworked, the defeated.

This was a brilliant performance, but within the limits of such brief samples one could hardly judge how far the Takei style is a new contribution to dance idiom. One would have to see more to know the Takei range, and since it was announced that she and her company, "Moving Earth" will come here later this year, there will be the chance to see more.

The demonstrations were given also in the Haifa Museum, the Israel Museum and at the Central Library for Music and Dance in Tel Aviv, all under the auspices of the library.

This Week in Israel - The Leading Tourist Guide



this week at the israel museum jerusalem

EXHIBITIONS

Permanent Collections of Judaea, Art and Archaeology
The Jews of Kurdistan — daily life, customs, arts and crafts
A Glimpse into the Past — the Tarnbach collection — objects from the ancient Near East
Trends in Art After 1945 — representing trends such as non-geometric abstraction and pop art
Reality and Illusion — children's exhibition dealing with visual illusion in culture and art
Primitive Art from the Museum's collection
Royal Hunters & Divine Lovers — Indian miniature paintings from the 16th to the 19th century
Furniture & Travel Posters — from the collection of the Design Department

SPECIAL EXHIBITS

Helwan Osacn with a list of numerals, from the fortress of Kariakia, 6th-7th century B.C.E.
Zvi Goldstein: Function, Progress and Universality in the Third World
An Afghan Jewish bride dress according to the tradition of Herat with special forehead ornamentation called "saraq"
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EVENTS

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"THE KID" — A Charlie Chaplin classic

FILM

Tuesday, February 2 at 18.00 and 20.30
"NINISKY"
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GALLERY TALK

Tuesday, February 2 at 19.15
A GLIMPSE INTO THE PAST: THE TARNBACH COLLECTION
By Rivka Meshav (Spertus Hall)

LECTURE

Wednesday, February 3 at 20.30
THE ORIGINS OF IMPRESSIONISM IN ANCIENT TIMES AND THE RENAISSANCE
Lecturer: Dr. Avigdor Posq, Hebrew University

ON DANCE

Thursday, February 4 at 20.30
"THREE BY BALANCHINE"
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SHRINE OF THE BOOK: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10-17; Tues. 10-22; Fri. & Sat. 10-14.
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ROCKEFELLER MUSEUM: Sun., Thurs. 10-17; Fri. & Sat. 10-14.
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הכרזת איחוד

Cantorial eddies

are to be promoted and through which channels? The tradition from Riga, from Warsaw, from Budapest or Temesvar, from Berlin, Hamburg or Breslau? And what about Morocco, Turkey, Greece, Bulgaria and Yemen, to mention only a few?

Through the dispersal of the Jewish people over the last 2,000 years, so many foreign elements have crept into liturgical chant and assimilated themselves with established traditions, that today no common ground seems to exist between the various communities. Why would we otherwise have synagogues for practically each community, not only different ones for Ashkenazim and Sephardim, but also for Egyptian, Moroccan, Kurdish, and Yemenite Jews, not even counting the Reform, Conservative, Orthodox norms, or the various traditions preserved by Habad, the Hassidim of Belz, Ger, Vishnitz, etc. The endless variety is a reflection of the individualistic and sectarian tendency of our people.

FROM MY FILES I culled the following notice, which appeared in

MUSIC & MUSICIANS

Yohanan Boehm

The Jerusalem Post on February 21, 1960.

"An Academy for *hazanut* whose object it is to turn out qualified cantors was festively inaugurated at Beit Tchernichovsky in Tel Aviv this month. In addition to Jewish cantorial music, those who attend it will also study the liturgical music of other religions, as well as musical composition. Amongst the teachers will be Paul Ben-Haim, Gary Bertini, Oedoen Partos, and Leib Glantz, who is also the rector of the Academy."

Unfortunately, the famous cantor Leib Glantz, who was the spirited initiator of this institution, died in 1964 and, as far as I know, no outstanding success or even functioning of this academy has ever been heard of. My files are full of the names of similar still-born funds, foundations and institutions established by well-meaning people. The Institute for Religious Music

in Israel, at Heichal Shlomo in Jerusalem, has a seminar on liturgical traditions around Hanukkah every year, each time concentrating on a different community. It does not aim, in its research, teaching or publicity, at the unification of liturgical music. No "Schola Cantorum" — freely translated as "A School for Cantors" — exists in the country; traditions are carried on from generation to generation more by accident than design.

THE MUSICAL inspiration of professional composers from liturgical sources is extremely limited, since Orthodox Ashkenazi and Sephardi/Oriental synagogues do not allow the use of instruments or of a mixed choir. The few commissions extended by Reform congregations in the U.S. to Jewish composers have resulted in two remarkable *Sacred Services* (Arodat Hakodesh), one by Ernest Bloch, the other by Darius Milhaud, which have acquired a place in the international concert repertoire. But others, like those of Lavry,

Alexander, Natra and Miron have barely survived their initial presentation in the synagogues concerned.

All the musical settings of biblical or religious texts by Israelis are geared *a priori* to public concert performances, outside the walls of synagogues, for a general, not necessarily observant, audience, and they are enjoyed more for their intrinsic musical value than for their liturgical associations.

We are very far from a unified liturgy that would serve all members of the Jewish religion and inspire composers to dedicate their talents to the creation of religious music for the edification of the congregation and its communion with its Creator.

ONE MEANS of preserving the musical traditions of the Jewish people will become available to the public when Beit Hatefutsoth in Tel Aviv opens its Sound and Light Library in May, on the occasion of the museum's fourth anniversary. The new library will enable visitors to listen to the musical traditions of various communities and different periods on one of six stations, while another five stations will be available for viewing slides from the exhibitions mounted at the museum from time to time, accompanied by appropriate music. □

Restless man

THE AUSTRIAN actor Klaus Maria Brandauer, 37-year-old star of the film *Mephisto*, has pondered the problem of the character he plays, Henrik Höfgen, almost daily ever since he first read Klaus Mann's novel *Mephisto* at the outset of his stage career. Höfgen was based on Gustaf Gründgens, the German actor whose sole goal in life was success, and who achieved it by supporting the Nazis. He eventually committed suicide in exile in Manila in 1963.

"I never knew Gründgens," Brandauer said in an interview in Tel Aviv, "but I knew about him. He happened to die the day I made my debut as an actor."

"I think a lot about the question of a public figure's responsibility to society. Can you be like Jean Cocteau and say: 'I am a man of culture, separate from society?' Can you say, like so many artists did in Germany during the Hitler period, 'I will remain here because this country represents the only possibility of ever realizing my dream?'

"I personally am sure that I cannot. The artist must be aware of everything around him and be a good member of society. Each of us must make a decision about what is going on in the world. Of course, you will make mistakes, because your thoughts are guided not only by your head, but also by your heart and your glands. And your ideas will change, because you must talk about them with others. If you don't talk with others you are alone, and then why be an actor? You might as well be a cowherd in the Alps."

During the shooting of *Mephisto*, said Brandauer, "they kept having to make up their minds to let the public decide what was the right course of action for Höfgen."

"Our positions were clear, but we wanted viewers to come to their own conclusions. That we've made people think is evident from the film's success. At the Cannes Film Festival, 1,000 members of the international cinema world gave us a standing ovation. In Germany, where the theme is still problematic, the movie has done better at the box office than any other art film in the last 20 years."

BRANDAUER was born and raised in Alt Aussee, a small village in the Styrian Alps, not far from Salzburg. He counts among his chief influences in his youth his father, a civil servant who was taken prisoner during World War II, and his grandfather, a salt miner who had spent two years in jail because of his anti-Nazi activities. But he also came in contact with "all kinds of authors, actors and men of culture who came to live in our village each summer, and they made me aware of what was happening in the world."

He was always determined to be an actor — "I don't remember ever thinking about another profession." No repertory company even came to the little village with a population of 1,800, but when he was a child, a man would arrive from nearby Linz with a film projector every week. Performances were given in a hotel room, and to get in for nothing, the boy kept the fire stoked during screenings.

The style of acting was very calm and low-key in those days, said Brandauer, a restless man with an expressive face and hands. Fre-



BETWEEN ACTS

Joan Borsten

quently during the hour-long interview, he would rise to emphasize a statement, rush to the other side of the room and then make a dramatic re-entry into conversation.

As soon as he turned 18 and had his high-school diploma in hand, Brandauer headed for Germany. After studying acting in Stuttgart for six months, he vowed to learn his profession through experience. His first role was Claudio in *Measure for Measure*. From that performance in Tübingen he went on to Salzburg and Düsseldorf, where he landed his first important parts. Two years later he was in Zurich, and then at the prestigious Burgtheater in Vienna, where he made his debut in the title role of *Don Carlos*, a part he still plays.

"It all happened so quickly that I didn't notice until six or seven years later how easy it had been for me," said Brandauer.

HE FIRST AGREED to leave the stage for the screen in 1971. Spotted by Ingo Preminger, brother of the famous producer, while playing Petruccio in *The Taming of the Shrew*, he was cast opposite Anna Karenina in *Salzburg Connection*. The film was a critical and commercial flop, causing Brandauer to decide that he would only make another movie if he were presented with a very special script.

"It is clear to me that I am married to the theatre. Not only is stage acting my original profession, but I find it easier to spend from eight till 11 each night performing one story from beginning to end, than to do a small fragment of the story every day."

"But I also believe that if you have a good story to tell, and can present it well, you should try to reach more than just the 1,500 who sit in the Vienna Burgtheater each night. The motion picture is the 20th century's medium of expression. I believe no actor today should pass up the possibilities offered by film, TV, radio and records."

"My success with *Mephisto* was a little like my success as a stage actor. After 18 years in the theatre and TV, it is a miracle to show a film to the international family of filmmakers and have them all start calling you, offering wonderful parts. Now once more I am a young actor."

His next movie is *The Train*, which will be directed on location in Paris by Joseph Losey. The film, which has as its theme the promise that "it is not important to be homosexual or heterosexual, only sexual," also stars Jeanne Moreau

and Isabel Huppert.

"And once I have completed *The Train* I will have to make a decision," says Brandauer. "For the past 10 years I've wanted to have my own theatre ensemble. I have good friends who are actors and directors and are willing to work with me. But now I am thinking that perhaps I want a career in international film instead. It would have the advantage of giving me a big audience so I can make my positions clear. It is not an easy question. I will have to think about it a lot."

TO KICK OFF a major drive to bring new foreign film productions to Israel, the Ministry of Industry and Trade is sponsoring a half-day seminar in Hollywood for American film producers this spring. Gad Soen, director of the ministry's light industries division as well as the Film Centre, hopes to attract at least 50 major American producers to the seminar, which is being organized in Los Angeles by the consulate's commercial attaché.

Soen told *The Post* that the possibilities of making feature films here will be explained in terms of facilities, equipment, technicians and locations. One of several American producers who have made films here in recent years will describe the experience. Likely choices include Richard Irving who produced *Masada* for Universal Studios TV department, and Gene Corman, who produced *The Big Red One*, *Mary and Joseph, Paradise* and most recently *A Woman Named Golda*. An Israeli producer — probably Zvi Spielman of Israfilm or Israel Ringer — who has worked with an American team will detail the back-up available.

SOEN JUSTIFIED the expense of setting up the seminar by explaining that American productions such as *Golda* and *Masada* have injected millions of dollars into the economy. Additionally, he noted, work is provided for local cinema technicians — there are 2,000 of them — who also get some excellent training from their foreign counterparts. Expensive equipment, which lies idle between productions, can be more efficiently utilized. And, added Soen, foreign productions about Israel stimulate tourism.

"We have a lot to offer an American film producer," said Soen. "Sun 300 days a year — 360 days in Eilat. Good technicians who have been trained by Hollywood. Studios that can process film in one day. And while our prices are not as low as those in Yugoslavia or Tunisia, they are much cheaper than in the U.S. or Western Europe. And locations that are as varied as those in Belgium, France, North Africa and Italy."

Several foreign films are already slated to be shot here this year. Menachem Golan, now based in Los Angeles, is expected to film yet another sequel to *Lemon Popsicle*, as well as a melodrama about a deaf-and-dumb Israeli girl. Jacob Kozky plans to begin work next month on *The Last Winter*, which will star Cathleen Quailand (Yael Neor) Promised Me a Rose Garden and Steven Macht of *The Immigrants*. Yugoslav director Dusan Makavejev is currently negotiating with Berke Studios, which plans to produce his next feature. Twentieth Century Fox is expected to begin pre-production work on the Abby Mann story about master spy Eli Cohen.

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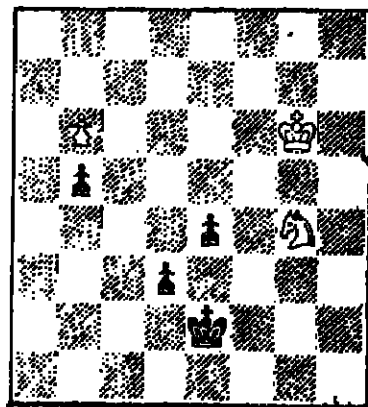
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CHESS

Elihu Shahaf

PROBLEM No.3055
L. KOPAC

White to play and win (3-4)
SOLUTIONS. Problem No.3055 (Koranyi). Set: 1.Nb6 Re8 2.Kf5 Re3 3.Nd5! Rf3 4.Nf4 Kh4 5.Rb2! h5 6.Rh2 Kg4 7.Rg2 Kh4 8.Rg1! Rf2 9.Rh1 Kg3 10.Rh3x; Ph6 to d6; 1.Ng4 Rg8 2.Nf6 Kh6 3.Rh4 Kg7 4.Rg4 Kh8 5.Kf5 and 6.Kg6.

EUROPEAN JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP
ALON GRINFELD, 17, of Beersheba was the outstanding player of the seventh European junior championship, held in Groningen, with 36 players under 20 participating.

Grinfeld led throughout the tournament and only an unfortunate error in the final round against the USSR's Valeri Salov deprived him of the title. He finished with a record of seven victories five draws

and one loss, for a total of 9½ points.
Grinfeld was also awarded the prize for the best game, played against USSR's Andrei Sokolov. The title went to Denmark's Curt Hansén, 16, with a 10-13 score. Sokolov was third with 9 and Salov fourth, with 8½ points. Grinfeld's performance has rarely been matched by any Israeli player in an international event.

1981 CUP FINALS
FROM THE 1981 Cup finals (won by Herzliya/Hasharon Hapoel), here is a fine and unusual game.
A. BALSHAN U. AVNER (Herzliya/Hasharon)(Tel Aviv ASA) 1.d4 f5 2.Bg5 e5 3.d5 Qb6 4.Nc3! Qb2 5.Bd2 Qb6 6.Rb1 Qg6 7.Nh3! e5 8.d6 d6 9.Nf4 Qf7 10.e4! Nf6 11.Bb5 Nc6 12.e5 e5 13.Qf3! Bd7 14.Ne6! Re8 15.Bc4 Qh5 16.Qh5

Nh5 17.Nd5 Be6 18.f6 b6 19.Ba6! Rb8 20.Bb5 Re8 21.Ba4 Bd6 22.Nb6! ab6 23.Rb6 Ke7 24.Rc6 Re2 25.Bc6 Ke6 26.0-0 Rb8 27.a4 Rb2 28.Rc1 Nf4 29.Kf1 Nd5 30.Bb5 Nb4 31.Rc4 Ke7 32.Bb3 c4 33.Bc4 Re2 34.Rc2 Ne2 35.Bd3 Nd4 36.Bh7 Kd7 37.Be4, and Black resigned in a few moves.

TEL AVIV WEEKEND TOURNAMENT
IGM YEHUDA GRUENFELD won the event, held at the Tel Aviv Youth Centre, with a perfect 5-5 score. Here is one of his victories.
B. WITTMAN Y. GRUENFELD 1.e4 c5 2.Nd3 d6 3.d4 cd4 4.Nd4 Nf6 5.Nc3 a6 6.g3 e5 7.Nd e2 Nbd7 8.Bg2 Be7 9.0-0 b5 10.h3 Bb7 11.Be3 0-0 12.a4 b4 13.Nd5 Nd5 14.ed5 a5! 15.e4 bc3 16.Nc3 f5 17.Rc1? (M!) Ba6 18.Nb5 f4! 19.gf4? ef4 20.Bd4 Bb5 21.ab5 Bf6 22.Be4

Bd4 23.Qd4 Ne5 24.Rc6 Qh4! 25.Rd6 Rf5!! 26.Bg2 Rg5 27.f3? (Qe4) Rg2! 28.Kg2 Qg3 29.Kh1 Qh3 30.Kg1 Qg3 31.Kh1 Nf3 32.Rf3 Qh3 33.Kg1 Qg3 34.Kf1 f3 35.Re6 f2! White resigns.

SURPRISING FINISH
White — Kg2; Qc6; Bf2; Ne2; Pb7, d3, g3. (7). Black — Kh7; Qh5; Rg7; Nd2; Pd4, e5, f5, h6. (8). Black to play.
1. — Qe2 2.BbQ Qf1 3.Kh2 Qf2.4. Qg2 Nf1. White resigns. (Simanovsky-Lanka, USSR, 1979).
WE HAVE had a noteworthy comment from a Mr. Jacobi of Ramat Chen, who claims that in the Doroshkevich-Frolov game given in this column "Mate threat," December 11, 1981 Black should have played 1. — f5! (instead of 1. — Bd5) and White has no more than a draw.

For the defence

BRIDGE/George Levinrew

DOES YOUR partnership use signals effectively? If it does, your defence is on the right track, says American champion Kit Woolsey.

Woolsey's new book (*Partnership Defence in Bridge*, Shelbyville, Kentucky, Devyn Press, Paperback, 303 pp. \$8.95) is an outstanding analysis of what to do on the 50 per cent of hands that you and your partner are not declarer.

One of the most interesting examinations of three basic kinds of signals — "attitude," "count" and "suit-preference." As experienced players know, the "attitude" signal shows whether you're strong or weak in the suit played, the "count" signal tells whether you have an odd or even number in that suit, and the "suit-preference" shows what you've got in the remaining non-trump suits.

Each of the book's 10 chapters deals with a theoretical aspect of signalling, and six problems. Each problem is presented on the left-hand page, together with the bidding, one of the defenders' hands, and the opening lead. The solution, with a careful analysis of what you should have done and why, comes on the facing page. There's also a 20-problem "test" that you can take with your partner.
There are also chapters on declarer's reading of defensive signals, leads and other aspects of play. The following two deals are good examples of what's in this most useful book.

Deal 1
Love all

North
♠ K 10 3
♥ A 8 6 4
♦ K J 8 2
♣ 7 5

West
♠ Q 9 6 5 4 2
♥ K Q 10 3
♦ 7
♣ A 8

East (D)
♠ —
♥ 9 7 5 2
♦ 5 4
♣ K Q J 10 6 4 3

South
♠ A J 8 7
♥ J
♦ A Q 10 9 6 3
♣ 9 2

East South West North
3♣ 3♦ Pass 5♣
All Pass

Under West's opening lead of the club ace, East made a most dramatic signal — he played the club king. This was a "Lavinthal" suit-preference command to shift to the higher of the two non-trump suits. The ruff of the ensuing spade lead set five diamonds.

Deal 2
Love all
North (D)
♠ 5 3
♥ K 10 9
♦ K Q J 9 5 4
♣ 7 2

West
♠ K 8 6 4 2
♥ A 7 5 4
♦ 10 7 6
♣ 3

East
♠ Q 10 9 7
♥ J 6 2
♦ 3 2
♣ K Q 9 4

South
♠ A J
♥ Q 8 3
♦ A 8
♣ A J 10 8 6 5

North East South West
Pass Pass 1♣ Pass
1♣ Pass 3♣ Pass
3♦ Pass 3 NT Pass
All Pass

WEST LED the spade four to the queen and ace. South followed with the diamond ace on which East played the three. Declarer then led the heart queen.

Seeing only the dummy would you, West, duck or play the ace? The answer depends on how you count East's diamond three on the second trick. Missing are the eight and deuce. You know your partner started with either the singleton three or the three-deuce. He could not have had the 8-3-2; then he would have played the deuce, the bottom of three. It becomes obvious that South is trying to "steal a trick," and that you cannot gain by ducking. Actually, declarer might have done better by playing the heart queen from his hand, trying to convince you that he had a singleton diamond and was attempting to "force" an entry to the North hand. Now you should cash the spade king (partner's play of the queen denies the jack) on which East must unblock from the 10-9 of spades. That allows you to run four spades and defeat the contract.

GOOD DEFENCE in bridge may be complicated, as illustrated in a deal from *The Best of Jake Winkman* by Don Von Elser (paperback, published by Max Hardy, 4680 W. 141 Street, Hawthorne, California, 90250, 117 pp., \$5.95). The book includes three novelettes involving mystery and bridge, and six short stories in which the hero teaches bridge.

North

♠ —
♥ K 9 7 4 2
♦ A Q 9 5
♣ A 10 9 4

West
♠ K Q 9 6 4
♥ J
♦ K J 10 4
♣ 8 5

East (D)
♠ —
♥ 9 7 5 2
♦ 5 4
♣ K Q J 10 6 4 3

South (D)
♠ A 10 8 5 2
♥ Q 10 8 3
♦ 8 6 3
♣ K

South West North East
Pass 1♣ Dbl 2♣
3♦ Pass 4♥ Pass
Pass 4♣ Pass Pass
Dbl All Pass

FOUR HEARTS can be made, and four spades as a result of the weird distribution seems like a worthwhile sacrifice. However, on the play in a duplicate game, the set of three tricks for 500 points was usual. One North-South pair by careful counting set the opponents an additional trick, winning a top board.

The opening lead was the heart four, won with dummy's ace. A low diamond followed on which South played the three. North counted South as having three diamonds. This meant that West had four diamonds. North hoped that his partner could discard one of his diamonds on the club ace and ruff a third diamond trick.

South had four or five hearts. South could have only a singleton club if he should have five spades, which was likely unless West had six spades. On the basis of this estimate a low club was led, and North was lucky that South had only the singleton king, a winner. As a result of the estimate and exact counting, North-South did set the contract 700 points for a top score.

Laugh.



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Establishment choice

Gil Goldfine

FROM all indications it is becoming apparent that the "establishment" is grooming Tamar Geter (along with her colleague Michal Ne'eman) to assume the coveted position of "artist-idol," most likely to succeed in representing the young generation of Israeli painters.

The signs are many. Having been taught by Rafi Lavie, and primed by other Art Teachers College instructors like Yair Garbuz, Geter was awarded the inaugural Jacques O'hana Purchase Prize, presented by the Tel Aviv Museum (Curator Sara Breiberg-Semel) to a young Israeli artist (the prize was shared with Michal Ne'eman). Soon afterwards she was one of 12 (including Michal Ne'eman) to be included in Breiberg-Semel's controversial "Turning Point" exhibit; and it has been announced that she and Ne'eman will represent Israel at this year's Venice Biennale, (Israel Pavilion Curator Sara Breiberg-Semel). As an added attraction, a half-dozen Geter paintings are being exhibited at Neomi Givon's Gallery of Contemporary Art, a recent rallying ground for the avant garde, if that means anything today.

The dangers that confront the art community as a result of preferential treatment, or a leaning towards a single form of performance, especially in such a pluralistic society, have been mentioned before in this column. We reiterate this once again not to defame or reject, but to point to problems that arise because of restricted tastes and a parochial attitude in approaching a universal subject.

Geter's large, horizontal, unframed canvases represent a similar set of pictorial propositions to those she has been advocating for the last few years. Her work neutralizes colour, composition and subject matter into a static entity and uses them to activate modes and ideas about painting.

Geter's approach is systemic by nature, in that the painterly elements are arranged by a predetermined understanding of what

should develop, if not knowing exactly what. Intuitive expressions of personal energies are not put in or extracted by Geter. These emotional neutered and programmed analysis of non-related images are married to each other on the canvas for the purpose of constructing a picture, of making lines and shapes available to contour and bend from two-dimensional silhouettes into three-dimensional illusions and on to contoured descriptions of perspective views. The metamorphosis also occurs in certain shapes; they turn from recognizable objects into deflated flat planes of washed-out colour and finally to smudges of their original selves.

Following a Geter painting is akin to walking on a game board, a path that winds and twists with stops at junctions that surprise the observer by altering the relationship between lines, colours and textures. What was obvious in one corner becomes totally muddled in an opposite one, yet both images, whether they be a city skyline or a donkey, are derived from the same source. Geter builds a map on which she develops learning goals directed at the composition of the elements of art and of the dynamics of perception and the synthesis between writing, drawing, illustrating, telling and understanding. Geter places the understanding of perception before the enjoyment one derives from perception. That is why the paintings on view are interesting but unappealing. (Neomi Givon Gallery, 4 Natan Hachacham, Tel Aviv).

FOR A COOL alternative, take a look at a dozen canvases by Chaim Glikberg, painted between 1955 and 1970, the year he died. Although subjects fall neatly into the realm of Eretz Yisrael painting, they can be overlooked for their consistency and ease with which Glikberg was able to apply pigment, his full understanding of colour harmony, his appreciation of the duality of drawing solid volumes on a flat plane; and a feel for dynamic composition.



Tamar Geter: painting (Neomi Givon Contemporary Art, Tel Aviv).

Having arrived here from Russia in the early part of the century, Glikberg became one of those artists (along with Rubin, Gutman, Paldi and Lubin) who rejected the "Bezalel" Judaica yet devoted himself to identifying with the land and its inhabitants. His late pictures are more personal and depict interiors, still life and synagogue *Minot*. They shine with an advanced appreciation of the French school that begins with Cézanne and Matisse and ends with Bonnard. Characterized by a glimmering surface of many small brush strokes and flat planes of overpainted pinks, mauves and egg-shell whites, they echo Bonnard in every respect.

For Glikberg, items existed only in reality; once observed, they were transformed into make-believe objects that lived only on the canvas. He was able to intensify a scene or imbue it with a feeling of diluted atmosphere. Although Glikberg was honoured by museum shows in Jerusalem and Tel Aviv, it is suggested that, judging from the few pictures on view now, a curator for Israeli art should take a long, renewed, look at Glikberg's entire oeuvre. (Ahuva Pincas Gallery, 42 Frug, Tel Aviv). Till Feb. 14.

ALIZA NACHUMI should have been born in 15th-century Flanders, for her paintings dwell somewhere in the Northern Renaissance, with exactitude in technique and eroticism and demonology as subject matter. Neatly packaged in allegory and visual fables to protect the innocent and hide the truth,



Chaim Glikberg: painting (Ahuva Pincas Gallery, Tel Aviv).

Nachumi's works have cornered every cliché and symbol invented by Bosch and Breughel to portray surreal, and not-so-real, scenes about the love of flesh, the admiration of madness and the acceptance of cockeyed royalty. Colour, neatly applied in drab earth tones, does not help to clarify stiffly rendered figures and still life. Essentially, Nachumi has designed little High School stage-sets to display costume pageants illuminating uninteresting and unrecorded historical events. (Guy Art Gallery, 5 Frug, Tel Aviv). Till Feb. 4.

THE monotypic, in spite of the limited edition of one or two, presents technical difficulties for the printmaker that, if overcome, can produce exciting images. Shoshana Levit has grasped the knack of reproducing a monotypic but has not applied any knowledge. Her banal subjects add no life to the total effect, in fact they turn the show into calendar art. Her monotypes are static and her technical achievement insufficient to change the dynamics of the picture plane. (Sara Kishon Gallery, 31 Frug, Tel Aviv).

as "monotonous," a poor choice of adjective. Inexplicably, the only young Israeli listed is sculptor Yehuda Ben Yehuda. A separate entry for Israeli art might have restored some balance; its achievements are at least as worthy of mention as those of South Africa, which are given a long and uninteresting piece, as dull as much South African art.

Issachar Ryback and his Tel Aviv memorial museum are given an entry. Mane Katz and Rubin are left out.

There is a good entry on the Golden Section, but no explanation of its widespread use by all the classical artists in one way or another.

There is no index, but the fairly small (and often poor in colour) illustrations are listed. There is a fairly good bibliography. A SUBSEQUENT edition will no doubt benefit from extensive revisions. But the entries on the The Great are all there. All in all, this work is a creditable beginning and well worth acquiring.



Zvi Goldstein: "Function, Progress and Universalism in the Third World!" installation (detail).

Bringing forth a mouse

Meir Ronnen

"FUNCTION: Progress and Universalism in the Third World!" is the clarion title of a special exhibit at the Israel Museum by conceptualist Zvi Goldstein, arranged by the new Associate Curator of Israeli Art, Yigal Zalmona. It consists of a few carefully made objects that look, as intended, like archetypal parts of machinery at an industrial exhibition; they represent "ideal" technological forms and are presented against a background of posters and placards which repeat a brief text set in the usual long-line format so beloved of this artist. All this is intended to question western concepts of art and culture and suggest that they will not do for the Third World.

Goldstein evidently hopes that certain (undefined) precepts shared by the Third World will lead to a new universalism. To learn this you have to read the catalogue in which the artist is asked several questions by Zalmona, who otherwise begs off explaining or introducing the exhibit. That's not all; the manifesto

itself is furnished with scholarly footnotes referring the viewer to passages in socio-history books that are not available.

I would not recommend however, that the viewer bothers to look them up. Goldstein's message, one of stunning obviousness, is that "the role of art, in times of crisis, is to define a new paradigm, substituting for the lack of new theory," a piece of revelation attributed in a footnote to one Thomas S. Kuhn.

Not Sculpture

The reasonably intelligent viewer will probably, as I did, turn in desperation to the objects on show. Goldstein insists that they aren't sculptures, do not relate to space and are not a code of language; nevertheless, he regards them as a medium for the transmission of content and ideas. And therein, I'm afraid, lies the rub.

Well, if you can't figure out why this show was mounted, you should know that it is in memory of a certain Mark Lichtenstein. Not that we are told who he is. There is some information about Goldstein however: he came here from

Rumania in 1957, was in Italy between 1969-78 and lives in Jerusalem. This is his second show at the Museum but despite the technological advance in the construction of his objects, it is no more instructive than the first. Goldstein seems to labour mightily to bring forth very small mice. (Till Feb. 22).

Eli Ilan, sculptor (1928-1982)

ELI ILAN, the Tel Aviv sculptor who died suddenly last weekend, was an artist who continually sought to understand the life process, to contemplate the balance between its physical and attributes and social undercurrents and accumulate facts he could transform into forms and volumes.

Sensitive and utterly devoted to his art, he was born Eli Schulbaum in Winnipeg, Canada. At 20, he left home and university studies to emigrate to Palestine where, as a member of Kibbutz Sasa, he helped defend Israel's northern border during the War of Independence. In

1954 he began to carve in wood and stone. On leaving Sasa, he joined the Israel Police as an investigator specializing in criminal identification. In 1963 he resigned from the Force and committed himself fully to being a sculptor.

Often accused of too conservative a hand, of "not being with it", or overly classical in his techniques, Ilan was his own man. Consistent in his attitude, his individualism stemmed from an intuitive grasp of life forms and organic structures. He produced a body of work, from elegant maquettes to monumental commissions, that never succumbed

to trendy ways or fashionable styles. It got better and better as the years went by.

The earth-bound, human quality projected in his work was an extension of his own warmth and subtle humour, of his concern for family and country; and his great capacity for seeking knowledge and appreciating the totality of his surroundings.

Shalom, Eli Ilan. More than most you have left us many reminders that your life was a rich and creative one.

GIL GOLDFINE



"Mbom," a mask of the Bakuba tribe of Zaire, made of wood, cowrie shells and copper and a gift of Gaston de Havenon of New York. Is one of the examples of African, Oceanic and pre-Columbian art that went on show at the Israel Museum's Maremotti Pavilion of Ethnic Art this week. The exhibit, which will be on view until April 30 has been sponsored by the Kate Maremotti Foundation.

20th century art: who's who, what's what

Meir Ronnen

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO 20th CENTURY ART. Edited by Harold Osborne. Oxford University Press. 300 illustrations, 150 in colour. 656 pp. £19.50

FLAWED as it is, this is about the best one-volume guide and reference to modern art extant, an ambitious undertaking that follows the editor's *Oxford Companion to Art* (1970) which dealt with the most prominent figures of the first half of the century. This book also contains entries and group illustrations for the main 20th century art movements right up to conceptual and body art, and computer art too; only video art is missing. There is even an entry, albeit quite unsatisfactory, for Israel's New

Horizons movement; and a number of Israelis are listed. One of them, Ya'acov Agam, is accorded a well deserved colour illustration.

There are long entries too for the art and artists of various countries and continents (Israel is not listed) making some amends for certain omissions of names. For many things are out of balance. For instance, there is a long entry for Australia's Arthur Boyd, including details of his non-combatant army service, while his talented compatriot Brett Whiteley gets only a line in the general Australia entry.

Many prominent young German artists, like Rainer Fetting, aren't mentioned at all, while the Companion is heavily weighted in favour of minor and soon-to-be forgotten English artists. The entry on Joseph Beuys is totally inadequate. Among the illustrations, an execrable

Bernard Buffet is placed on the same page as a Giacometti and a Modigliani and given more space than either of them. Pioneer abstractionist Sonia Delaunay is not illustrated at all.

Some entries are curiously incomplete, like the one on Saul Steinberg, which does not deal with his inventive paintings or his Whitney show. There is no mention of Harry Bertoia's kinetic-musical sculptures, for which he is now chiefly famous. There is no entry at all for Nam June Paik.

THE Companion is arch about sex. It avoids using the word in the entry on Mel Ramos and describes Schiele's nudes as "repulsive." Painter Gwen John is described as a "devoted friend" of Rodin; why not (besotted!) mistress?

Incomprehensibly, British il-

lustrator Ronald Searle is given an entry, while America's David Levine, who is also a leading contemporary watercolourist, is not. In the South Africa entry, the late Lippy Lipshitz is given as still living.

There are vital things not up to date. The last Kassel Documenta mentioned is 1968. What about those of 1972 and 1977, which were among the major international exhibitions of the second half of this century?

OF the Israelis Agam gets a long entry; others given an entry are Janco, Zaritsky, Dantziger (sic), Aroch and Shalom of Safad, the latter hilariously listed with a German honorific as Shalom von Safad. Perhaps they meant the Yiddish *Shalom* is also noted as being of the "Hassidic" faith, and his compositional method is described

as "monotonous," a poor choice of adjective. Inexplicably, the only young Israeli listed is sculptor Yehuda Ben Yehuda. A separate entry for Israeli art might have restored some balance; its achievements are at least as worthy of mention as those of South Africa, which are given a long and uninteresting piece, as dull as much South African art.

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Meir Ronnen

THE ART of watercolour seems to be undergoing a mild revival. It has long been in good standing here, thanks to Zaritsky and his followers, Stematsky and Streichman; but theirs was of a distinctly New Horizons stamp. Oddly enough, the newer arrivals are often firmly fixed on the premises of the Russian and English academies; and only Louise Schatz took the medium into the realms of the completely abstract. The current attractive show by Eve Menes falls somewhere between the Israeli and English schools, but there is a link to early Zaritsky, while her generally fresh colour and the views she paints are distinctly those of suburban Jerusalem in the sunlight.

Menes works freehand on huge sheets of excellent paper, allowing each wash or washed-out underpainting to dry before proceeding with the next step. The pencil guide

lines are visible but she builds up each delineation in mass rather than line, using the rich, full, loose brush of the classic watercolourist; the pencil lines don't play the role they often assume in the work of New Horizons painters. Her works are soundly and boldly organised: the hillside that provide the dominant colour and texture are seen between the barely drawn but boldly suggested skyscrapers of the Kiryat Yovel area.

Some of the views are seen through a grid of "out-of-focus," negative-space railings and the effects and composition are richly satisfying. In one interesting approach to a difficult traffic intersection-parking-lot piece, she paints only sky and background, leaving the cars and the pattern of poles and lights untouched. But I was most drawn to her views framed by buildings.

Menes avoids raw colour and knows when to stop. These very ac-

complished works were painted over a year ago. One would love to see what she is doing now. (Alon Gallery, cnr. 51 Palmach, J'lem). Till Feb. 21.

RAFI ETGAR is a young graphic artist who specializes in theatre posters, a selection of which is now presented at the foyer of the Jerusalem Theatre. Such works are probably better seen singly; viewed together, certain questions arise.

Is it good or bad, for instance, for a graphic artist to be so eclectic? Etgar's images and techniques are a grab-bag of different approaches, many common to other international artists; there is no distinct personal style. On the other hand, there is a repetitive approach to problem solving. Etgar's solution is to concentrate on the image, to place it in the lower three-quarters or seven-eighths of the poster and to concentrate the bulk of the lettering (some of it too small to be read from



Eve Menes: watercolour (Alon Gallery, Jerusalem).

a bus or car) in one band or block, at the top. Thus most of the posters, whether composed of photographic or drawn images, look a little like enlarged book-jackets. At least one of the images is wildly inappropriate: an invitation to spend a day at the Cinematheque issues from the mouth of a man blowing

his brains out. I like posters where the image tells you the story. Some of these don't.

Despite all these reservations, Etgar is a very fine graphic artist and many of the results are excellent and all are beautifully made and drawn. (Jerusalem Theatre Foyer).

WHAT'S ON

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Jerusalem
CONDUCTED TOURS
 Tourists and visitors come and see the General Israel Orphan Home for Girls, Jerusalem, and its manifold activities and impressively modern building. Free guided tours weekdays between 10-4. Bus No. 6, Kiryat Moshe. Tel. 523291.
HADASSAH — Guided tour of all installations. • Hourly tours of Chagall Windows at Kiryat Hadassah. Nominal charge. • Hourly tours at Hadassah Mt. Scopus. • Information, reservations: 02-462333, 02-426271.
Hebrew University
 1. Tours in English at 9 and 11 a.m. from Administration Building, Givat Ram Campus. Buses 9 and 28.
 2. Mount Scopus tours 11 a.m. from the Jerusalem Reception Centre, Sherman Building, Buses 9 and 28 to last stop. Further details Tel. 02-482519.

Eilat — World Rel. Zionist Women, 26 Ben Maimon. Visit our projects. Call 02-62468, 630620, 03-788942, 708440.
American Mirachi Women, Free Morning Tours — 8 Alkalai Street, Jerusalem, Tel. 632334.
MISCELLANEOUS
 Plant a Tree with Your Own Hands! For details and/or tour reservations, call Jewish National Fund, 02-635261, ext. 13.
Tel Aviv
CONDUCTED TOURS
American Mirachi Women, Free Morning Tours — Tel Aviv, Tel. 220187, 243106.
WIZO: To visit our projects call Tel Aviv, 232939, Jerusalem, 226060; Haifa, 89537.
PIONEER WOMEN — NATALIE, Morning tours. Call for reservations: Tel Aviv, 256096, Haifa.

What's On in Haifa, dial 04-640840.

Beth Hatefutsoth

The Nahum Goldmann Museum of the Jewish Diaspora

Visiting Hours: Sun. Mon. Tue. Thurs. 10 a.m.-6 p.m., Wed. 10 a.m.-9 p.m. The Museum is closed on Fridays and Saturdays.
 — Children under 6 not admitted.
 — Organized tours must be pre-arranged (Tel. 02-425161, 9 a.m.-1 p.m., Sun-Thurs).

Permanent Exhibit — The main aspects of Jewish life in the Diaspora, past and present, presented through the most modern graphic and audio-visual techniques.
Chronosphere — A special audio-visual display presented in a planetarium-shaped auditorium depicting the history of the migrations of the Jewish people.

Exhibitions
 — A Century of Zionist Immigration to Eretz Yisrael — A retrospective exhibition describing Zionist immigration, against the background of world events in cooperation with the Institute for Zionist Research, Tel Aviv University.

Events
 1. The Crusaders and Hatred of Jews — Hatred of Jews, The Jewish Fate or a Social Phenomenon? — lecturer: Dr. Sylvia Schein, in Hebrew in cooperation with the School of Jewish Studies, Tel Aviv University. Bnei Zion Auditorium, Tue. 2.2.82, at 8.30 p.m.
 2. Study Evening on Poetry Expressing Love of Zion, participants: Dr. Ziva Shalom, Dr. Uri Shoval, Dr. Shlomo Harel, moderator: Dr. Lily Ratlok. Hebrew Songs: Uri Shoval (in cooperation with the Department of Hebrew Literature, The School of Jewish Studies, Tel Aviv University). Bnei Zion Auditorium, Wed. 3.2.82, at 8.30 p.m.
 Seminar in Jewish Identity — Part 3, The seminar will take place on Wednesday, 3.2.82, between 4.00 p.m. and 8.00 p.m.
 Subject: Antisemitism. Open only to participants in Part 1 and 2. Fee: IS 75. Please confirm by phone 425161, ext. 16, 28.

Exhibitions on Tour
 1. The Last Jews of Radoul — Ben Lohamei Hagetaot (The Ghetto Fighters Museum), Kibbutz Lohamei Hagetaot.
 2. The Jews from the Konkani — The Bene Israel Community in India — Matnas Yavneh.
 3. The Wonderful Island of Djerba — photographer: Jan Pank, Golda Community Centre, Kibbutz Revivim.
 4. Jews in Egypt — Spring '78 — Edith Potek Community Centre, Kiryat Gat.
 5. Libya: An Extinct Jewish Community — Seminar Oranim, Tivon.

*Courtesy of **ISRAEL DISCOUNT BANK**

Beth Hatefutsoth is located on the Campus of Tel Aviv University (Gate 2), Klausner St., Ramat Aviv.
 Buses: 13, 24, 25, 27, 45, 49, 74, 79, 274, 572.

ART GUIDE

Notices on this page are charged at \$53.30 per line including VAT, insertion every Friday costs \$161.30 including VAT per month. Copy accepted at offices of The Jerusalem Post and all recognized advertising agents.

Jerusalem
MUSEUMS
Israel Museum, Exhibitions: Permanent collection of Judaica, Art and Archaeology. Jews of Kurdistan, Daily Life, Customs, Arts and Crafts. Glimpse into the Past, objects from the Ancient Near East. Trends in Art After 1945, non-geometric abstraction and pop. Reality, illusion, children's exhibition of visual illusions in culture and art. Primitive Art from Museum collection. Royal Hunters and Divine Lovers, Indian miniature paintings (16th-19th cent.). Special Exhibit: Afghan Jewish Bride, dressed in Herat tradition. Special Exhibit: Toys and Games of the Ancient World (Rockefeller Mus.). Special Exhibit: Hebrew Ostraca from Kadesh Barnea Fortress, Special Exhibit: Zvi Goldstein, Function, Progress, Universality in Third World. Special Exhibit: Colour (next to Rockefeller Mus.). Furniture and Travel Posters from Design Dept. collection. Special Exhibit: Silver Coin Treasures from Mamshit. Galerie Yvonne Nouvelle, Khutzi Hapayzer, Y. Y. Hamaiche, Original prints. Tel. 02-419440, 280011.
Jerusalem City Museum — Tower of David — The Citadel. Open daily 8.30 a.m.-4.30 p.m. Multi-screen show (Eng.) Sun-Thurs. 9.00, 11.00 a.m.; 1.00, 3.00 p.m. Nightly (except Friday and Holiday) in French: 7.30 p.m. German: 8.15 p.m. English: 9.00 p.m. Permanent Exhibits: Ethnographic Dolls "Jerusalem Characters" Temporary Exhibition: "Hajj Paintings in Jerusalem."
Old Yishuv Court Museum, The life of the Jewish community in the Old City, mid-19th century-World War II. 6 Reh. Or Habaim, Jewish Quarter Old City, Sun-Thurs., 10 a.m.-5 p.m.
Sir Isaac and Lady Edith Wolfson Museum at Hechal Shalom, Permanent Exhibition of Judaica. Diorama Room: History of Jewish People. Special Exhibit: Sun, through Thurs. 9 a.m.-1 p.m.; Fri. 9 a.m.-12 noon. Tel. 635212.
Tel Aviv
MUSEUMS
Tel Aviv Museum, New Exhibition: Mikom, Dani Karavan, Israeli Art: A Decade of Acquisition. Archipenko: Early Works 1910-1920, 280011.

1921. European and American Art Collections.
 Visiting Hours: T.A. Museum Exhibition Sun-Thurs. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. (Collections 10 a.m.-5 p.m.), Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; 7-11 p.m. Friday closed.
 Herzliya
 Herzliya Museum, Wolfson St. Exhibition of sculpture by Dina Nir and Eli Ran, Jan. 30 - Feb. 24, Sun-Thurs., 4-8 p.m., Sat 9 a.m.-1 p.m.

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CINE-CONCERT
 IZCHAK MARKOVETZKY — violin.
 PETER MARCK — contrabass
 and ZOHARA KATZ — piano
 will play works by MOZART, HAYDN,
 BOTTESINI and others.
 Saturday, January 30 at
 8.00 p.m.
 Price: IS 70 including coffee
 and pastries.
 Tickets at the Cashier's desk
 THE SHARON HOTEL
 Herzliya-on-Sea,
 Tel. 062-78777
 United Tours Bus No. 80

YOUNG CINEMA
 Short films that use unusual dramatic elements and graphics techniques: "Leon's Birthday," "The Epos of a Weekend," "Summer's End" — Animation films by Agur Shiff. "Chapter 23 Now It's Possible to Die" by Zeev Dunya. "David Gava's film, and also "An Interview" (Canada) and "Five Short Pieces" (England). At the end of the screening, there will be a meeting with the directors. Wednesday, February 3, at 9.00 p.m.

CINEMA
 Nightly: "Man of Marble," Andrzej Wajda's exemplary film, at 6.30, 8.30 p.m.
AFTERNOON ADVENTURE FOR CHILDREN, between 4.00 and 6.00 p.m.
 For kindergarten children aged 4-6 and their parents. Sun., Tue., and Thurs.
 For 1st-2nd graders on Wed. For 3rd-5th graders on Mon.
 Subject: "The Surprises Box." Tickets available at the box office.

Visiting hours: Sun-Thurs. 10.00 a.m.-10.00 p.m. (Collections: 10.00 a.m.-5.00 p.m.). Sat. 10.00 a.m.-2.00 p.m.; 7.00 p.m.-11.00 p.m. Friday closed (box office: 10.00 a.m.-1.00 p.m.)
 Art Library: Sun, Mon, Wed., 10.00 a.m.-4.00 p.m.; Tue., Thurs. 10.00 a.m.-1.00 p.m.; 4.00 p.m.-8.00 p.m.
 Graphics Study Room: Mon, Tue., Thurs. 10.00 a.m.-1.00 p.m.
 Circulating Exhibits: Sun-Thurs., 9.00 a.m.-1.00 p.m.

THE HELENA RUBINSTEIN PAVILION
 6 TARSAT ST. TEL. 287196, 299750
Exhibition: SCULPTURE: PROCESSES — A Workshop-Exhibition of the Museum's collection. As part of the exhibition: Creative workshops for young visitors Sun-Thurs., 5.00-8.00 p.m.

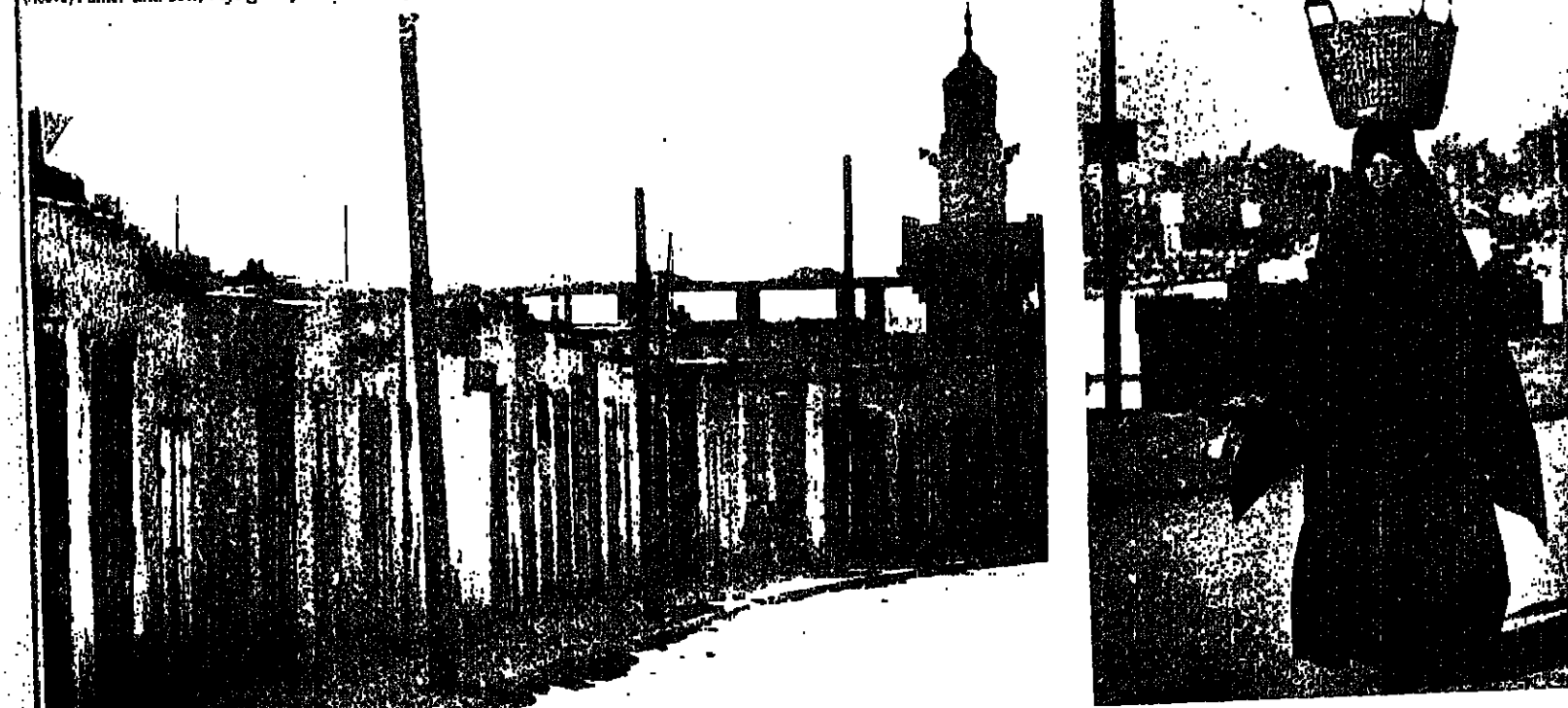
Workshops for schools (1st-12th graders). To arrange a school visit during February, please call Tel. 299750, Sun-Thurs., 9.00 a.m.-12 noon.
Youth workshops-enrolment (1st-8th graders). Semester B opens on 1.2.82. There are still a few vacancies left for Creative Painting Courses (6th-8th graders), Creative Painting, (2nd-4th graders), parents and kindergarten children (aged 4-6); Drama Course (6th-8th graders), enrolment Sun-Thurs., 9.00 a.m.-12 noon. Price: IS 800.
Adults' Evenings Workshops — enrolment, Semester B. Enrolment continues (Drawing, Painting, Sculpting, Puppet Theatre, Cinema, Silk Print, Tel-Chi: History of Art, Weaving, Contemporary Art Course). Enrolment on Sun-Thurs., 9.00 a.m.-12 noon, 4.00-7.00 p.m.
Visiting hours: Sun-Thurs., 9.00 p.m.-1.00 p.m.; 5.00-8.00 p.m. Saturday, 10.00 a.m.-2.00 p.m. Closed Friday.

Israel film archive - Jerusalem
 Fri. 14.00 Fahrenheit 451 — Truffaut
 Sat. 19.00 Bananas — Woody Allen
 21.30 The Decameron — Pasolini
 Mon. 18.00 3 Days of the Condor — Pollock
 21.30 3rd Man — Orson Welles
 Tue. 16.00 For Children
 Watership Down — animation
 19.00 3 Chambres à Manhattan — Carre
 Wed. 19.00 Boulevard Street — Fritz Lang
 21.30 SPECIAL
 Image Before My Eyes — a documentary dealing with Jewish life in Poland before the Holocaust
 Thurs. 19.00 SPECIAL
 Rough Treatment — Andrzej Wajda
 Introduction by Dr. Yvette Ben, in English
 21.00 SPECIAL
 Elevator to the Scaffold — Louis Malle
 Introduction to the series of Black American Music in film by Stephen Horenstein, in English
 Fri. 14.00 The Long Goodbye — Robert Altman

Bank Leumi
 LE-ISRAEL B.M.



(Above) Father and son, refugees from a village near Jaffa, see profitable business and large home in Rafah threatened by the border plans.



(Above left) This part of the main street will soon be in Egypt. (Right) A Canada Camp inhabitant. (Below) Shelkade Zor'ub, Rafah's elderly mayor.



"Since 1948, when the Egyptians took on administration of the area, there has been a border of sorts," says Ziad Sha'ath, a local pharmacist. "But when you are ruled by Arabs, it is different." The Egyptians allowed people from "Rafah Palastin" to work in the UN camps in "Rafah Sinai" merely by depositing an I.D. card at a tiny crossing-point. Sha'ath recalls crossing the border without any interference as a young student when he, like so many Arab youths took to the open with his books to avoid the noise and lack of privacy of his crowded home.

The nationality of the rulers hardly made any difference. Prior to the arrival of the Egyptians, the British were in charge on both sides of the border, as were the Israelis in 1967. It is only the conclusion and implementation of a peace treaty, that Rafah faces the threat of complete and almost hermetic division.

HILMI ZOR'UB, the acting mayor, who is himself an Egyptian citizen and may have to give up a home and several businesses in Rafah Palastin if the special sub-committee set up to deal with the problem during Defence Minister Sharon's visit to Cairo last week does not come up with a solution, has spelled out the implications of such a division innumerable times over the past few weeks.

Some 20,000 people will return to Egyptian rule and may well lose their present sources of water and electricity as well as their jobs. Their separation from the rest of the town, which has an estimated population of 85,000, will have economic as well as personal social repercussions.

There are some 5,000 people who claim to have been mistakenly registered as residents of the Egyptian town in the 1967 census and assert that they really belong to Rafah Palastin. Many families have property on both sides of the border.

IF ISRAEL goes ahead with its plan to push through the 40-metre-wide strip, which the military consider essential as a protection against struggling, says Zor'ub, 128 houses will be destroyed. If the border strip is reduced to 10 metres only about 40 houses will be affected.

Zor'ub, who has had several meetings with the Egyptian governor of El-Arish says that the Egyptian government is quite willing to absorb the 516 Palestinian refugee families living in "Canada Camp" on the Egyptian side, where they were relocated by the Israeli military government in the early '70s. The Egyptians insist, however, on full sovereignty over the camp and would grant the residents the same status as other Palestinians living in Egypt, which falls short of citizenship.

Even though the border as it is currently delineated passes through the southern fringe of the town, Israeli officials are anxious to avoid the erection of a high security wall and fence reminiscent of Berlin and, as Gaza mayor Rashad Shawwa suggested last week, of Jerusalem before 1967.

Everyone has woken up to the problem of Rafah much later than they should have done.

For Israel and Egypt, Rafah is a monument of mishandling. For them the lesson should be the importance of consultation. For the Palestinians — the people most concerned — it should be importance of representation.

SINCE 1966, the BBC's *My Music* programme has provided us with a regular diet of musical knowledge, wit and ingenuity — boosted to us by the East Mediterranean Relay — that is in refreshing contrast to local culture-vulture programmes such as Monday's 8½. This unintentional parody of Pseud's Corner specialises in relentlessly high-minded hogwash that goads me alternately to outbursts of apoplectic rage or spirited renditions of that fine old Allegheny anthem, *Git Up Off'n the Floor, Hannah, Then Hogs Has Got to be Fed*.

Nobody could accuse the *My Music* panel of being slow to make a pun. Chairman Steve Race once made the grave error of asking for a suitable signature tune for the National Union of Undertakers and Funeral Directors. John Amis helpfully supplied *After You've Gone* but Ian Wallace had a much punnier suggestion: *Oh What a Beautiful Mourning*.

The listeners occasionally join in and when one demanded a tune for the legal profession the panel responded magnificently with Bing Crosby's *Please Don't Leave This Way*; and that anthem to people who not only uphold the law but, as Steve Race reminded us, also make a very comfortable thing out of it, *Putting on the Ritz*.

In his book, *My Music*, Steve Race discloses that he'd been delighted to discover that there exists an official public relations organization called The Cheese Board. A listener promptly demanded a signature tune for them, offering *The Brie and I*; Cheese *Funny That Way*; and *The Edam-busters March* as his contribution to the proceedings. The panel couldn't do much better than *Run Rabbit Run*, though there was an unsuccessful attempt to include Handel's *Graveyard* *Waltz*, a piece of barefaced affrontery of the sort that doth possess and curdle, like Ayre: droppings into Mike, 'The thin and wholesome blood'.

The BBC could have improved the tone of these proceedings simply by inviting me to join the panel — a return air-ticket to London and bed-and-breakfast at Claridges would have been gouda-nough — and I could have cheddar light on that obscure 1935 musical *Broadway Gondolier*, which featured, besides Al Dubin's *Lulu's Back in Town*, his wisely neglected elegiac to putrefied protein, *Fliegenheim's Odorous Cheese*.

THE FORESTRY COMMISSION also came in for the *My Music* treatment. Anything by Bark was one outrageous suggestion, and even *Dak-hang* drew protests. Denis Norden thought *I Was Born in a Sevenfoot Can* but he tendered by a squirrel and this prompted a new round of animal song. Frank Muir had the gall to propose *After a Bull* and then things deteriorated to the extent that *Big Horn I Love You* and *Chihuahua See a Dream Walking Way* were suggested. I thought *Walking Way* quite suitably suggested until some sort of crescendo was reached with *Don't Put Me in Pictures*.

My request for titles to be included in the *My Music* programme for 1981 was met with a list of titles from South Africa, which are thought to be unbecomingly racist. I was told that the only thing to do was to include the title *My Music* in the programme, which is a pity as it is in which the *My Music* programme is carried.

The Amazing Whistle



WITH PREJUDICE / Alex Berlyne

while declaiming, "Perdition, Catch my sole! But I do love thee," and tosses it to fago.

BUT LET US get back to our mutations. There is still one category of song titles — those with unfortunate connotations — that I haven't dealt with. Like Frank Loesser's *I'll Never Let a Day Pass By*, these bloopers are usually caught in time. The original title was *I'll Never Let a Day Go By* but the star of the movie in which it was featured (*Kiss the Boys Goodbye*) was the Italian-American Don Ameche, and he objected that *Day Go* sounded like an ethnic slur, dego.

Even the titles of shows have been changed. Alan Jay Lerner revealed in his autobiography that *My Fair Lady* was originally called *Liza*, until they realized that it would have seemed peculiar for the marquee to read: Rex Harrison in *Liza*.

Not everything was spotted in time. I'm glad to say. One of my fondest memories is the billing for 1960's *Song without end*. "The story of a man's life with Dick Bogard."

Of course, the printer's devil's attitude to punctuation was at fault here. Steve Race had made quite a collection of enjoyable typographical errors, including *Three Coins in the Fountain*, *I'm the Only One for You*, *I've Got You Under My Skin*, and *You Were Meant for Me*.

A listener sent in a list of titles of the *My Music* programme that appeared in a concert programme. Overture to *La Bohème* was listed.

Concerto in D, Major, by Beethoven. Another *My Music* fan has been asked to suggest titles for the *My Music* programme.

The *My Music* programme is carried in the *My Music* programme.

(venerologists please copy): WWII patriotic ballads such as *The Yellow Foes of Texas*; and my own particular tribute to the larcenous proclivities of Tin Pan Alley lyricists, *Brother, Can You Spare a Rhyme?*

MOST POP lyricists owe less to Catullus, Pindar, Herrick, Ronsard or Petrarch than to the gutter troubadours who taught me the business. The first lesson was for two voices:

"I met a girl once who brought out the poet in me. She had lips like petals.

Bicycle pedals.
And ears like flowers.
Cauliflowers.
No, her ears were more like shells

Howitzer shells.
She had skin like a peach.
Rough and hairy.
And teeth like stars.
They came out at night."

We were mainly indebted to Anon, the compiler of emotional verse such as the following couplet of couplets that have been handed down through four generations that I know of:

My love is like a beetroot,
But nearer red than blue.
Darling, if you'll beetroot to me,
Then I'll beetroot to you.

One of these anonymous compositions is probably the only English verse that is better known than Wordsworth's *Daffodils* and it is interesting to note that it disdains rhyme:

Nobody loves me, everybody hates me,
I'm going in the garden to eat worms.
Long slim slimy ones,
Short fat fuzzy ones,
Goosey-oosey-oosey ones.
The long slim slimy ones slip down easily.
The short fat fuzzy ones stick to your teeth.
And make you go urr-urr-yum-yum.

At the same time as this veriform verse was inducing considerable queasiness in me, another was being concocted by the combined talents of R.P. Weston, Bert Lee and Jack Waller, to mark the introduction of Bellish Beacons at pedestrian crossings. Sung by Bobby Howes, it enjoyed brief popularity in George V's jubilee year and despite its theme being road safety, I think the lyricists' poetic licence should have been endorsed:

Mind how you go across the road,
When you go across the road be very careful.
Or else a chauffeur
May knock you over.

The shameless rhyme knocked me over; I still get twinges in damp weather, nearly five decades later, and find myself singing:

You're too veritable
For city traffic.

As that damned chauffeur careers inescapably down the years at me, it's as unforgettable as another 1933 hit. *When I Grow Up I Want to Be Like You*, which was always sung, and now Evelyn Laye with the orchestra.

LOOK at a Corn Renter to come up with the lyrics in a single line: *When I Grow Up I Want to Be Like You*.

Most Corn Renter songs are with the lyrics in a single line: *When I Grow Up I Want to Be Like You*.

Sammy Cahn when in good form could come up with a couplet (in *Thoroughly Modern Mille*) that sticks in the mind:

What we thought was chic, unique
and quite adorable
They think is odd, and Sod-om and Gomorrhable...

At other times, however, his lyrics were memorable for quite another reason. Once, he signalled a physiological innovation:

Tell me I needn't fear, oh please be kind.
'Cause if you leave me, dear, I know
My heart will lose its mind.

This unimaginable catastrophe was only the forerunner of syntactical disaster to come. In one of his most successful lyrics, after reminding us that love and marriage go together like a horse and carriage, Sammy was let down by the inexorable demands of metre and the inadequacy of his rhyming dictionary:

Love and marriage, love and marriage,
It's an institute you can't disparage.

THIS SORT of thing comes much more easily to the amateur. My colleague Ruth Connell Robertson has long cherished a verse written by Major Monckton, the liaison officer with the Palestine Broadcasting Company, to be tacked on to the *Hymn to Aviators* performed in 1941 at the YMCA concert in aid of the Spitfire Fund:

Let them not drop their missiles fell
On places where our womenfolk dwell.
But only on munitions sources
Used by H.M.'s military forces.

Another verse, also inspired by the loftiest patriotic sentiments — while tottering on the verge of reminding us that someone's got to pick the cotton, someone's got to plant the corn — was sent in by a Ramatayim reader, M. Rabinovitch:

And Joshua entered the Promised Land.
But the wars continued with no end.
A battle was won, a battle lost.
And finally came the Holocaust.

Then God said "enough!"
I can't take it anymore.
A miracle I shall perform.
And Begin was born.

In Tambimuttu's 1949 symposium on T.S. Eliot, William Empson told of asking the poet if he really thought it necessary — as he'd written in his preface to an anthology of Ezra Pound's work — for a poet to write verse at least every week.

"Taking the question in general," Eliot replied slowly, "I should say, in the case of many poets, that the most important thing for them to do... is to write as little as possible."

I THINK I see what he meant. Felling that of course, the would-be-verifier could take as his model Strickland Gillilan's *On the Antiquity of Microbes*, generally considered for many years to be the shortest poem extant:

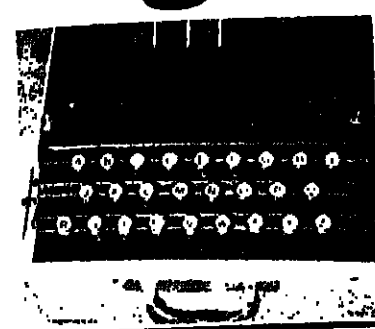
Adam
Hadam.

We under-estimated Anonymous once again. He trimmed the fat off Gillilan's work with his *Lines on the Questionable Importance of the Individual*:

Why?
Why?
Why?

(Next: Gail Arari and Chelise's Priests)

Enigma



Top Secret Ultra by Peter Calvocoressi. London, Cassell. 132 pp. £4.95.

Meir Ronnen

READ ALL the other books about Ultra, the British Intelligence operation that decoded German messages throughout World War Two? This is the best inside story, written by a member of Hut Three at Bletchley Park, the Intelligence headquarters in Buckinghamshire. It tells exactly how the cryptographers went about cracking the German codes, which were changed daily, and even several times a day.

Contrary to previously created impressions, possession of an Enigma encoding machine similar to the one used by the Germans did not guarantee automatic readings; its settings had to be constantly changed.

Bletchley Park boasted a large complement of mathematicians and chess masters, as well as Intelligence analysts and hordes of clerks.

All had several things in common, including a sound knowledge of German and an ability to keep their mouths shut. Apart from the hundreds who lived on station, thousands of staff lived outside the park. Perhaps the most amazing thing about the Ultra operation was that it remained a secret not only during the war, but for 30 years after.

GETTING an Enigma machine was, of course, a tremendous advantage. It came from Polish Intelligence a few days before the fall of Warsaw (the Poles had been cracking German Enigma messages since 1931). The British cryptographers thus knew the principles of the system; their analytical sleuthing did the rest. They were aided by slipped Germans who used, the same key twice or who broadcast repetitious weather and other reports, such as strength-returns. Hut Three built up an enormous card index of every German unit, weapon and call-sign. It knew more about the Luftwaffe, for instance, than any German.

Calvocoressi, a noted British historian, keeps himself out of most of the picture, but his account of how he came to Bletchley is quite topical. Born in India to Greek parents of then French nationality, he was turned down when he applied to the War Office for an intelligence job. But his personal and establishment connections and education (Eton and Balliol) won him a commission as an RAF intelligence officer. His fluent German led him to Bletchley.

His brief, non-sensational book, with its photographs and diagrams of the machine, lifts the final veil on the Enigma-Ultra story, if you were interested in the other Ultra books, you'll want to read this one too.



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MODELS OF AUTONOMY Yoram Dinshen, editor

In response to the Camp David Framework for Peace in the Middle East, which specified that transitional arrangements for the West Bank and Gaza be based on full autonomy for the inhabitants, the Faculty of Law of Tel Aviv University brought together a group of experts — lawyers, historians, and political scientists — in the hopes of contributing to the success of the negotiations. More than one dozen papers identify and analyze models of autonomy, past and present.

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Escape into danger

NOT SURPRISINGLY, the Third Reich continues to entrance and enthrall thriller writers. The combination of violence, death, undiluted evil and perversity, and of Hitler on his world-shaking, value-shattering course, is apparently difficult to resist.

But what of the "Fourth Reich"? How to explain the unending flow of plots and characters based on the resurrection — usually in the good old USA, though sometimes in remote, disease-infested Latin American jungles — of Hitler's state for a further world-conquering nihilistic fling? We've had "boys from Brazil" — genetic imitations of the young Führer — manufactured by the score and loosed on the world to forge new, unbeatable National-Socialist parties; buried Nazi treasures have subsidized new "Werewolf" terror squads, in new attempts at propaganda by the deed, to undermine Western democracies; and we've been introduced to the raucous voice of the new ultra-Right, not yet Nazi, openly violent, or victorious, but its stamp clearly imprinted on a small town in Germany.

Perhaps the genre is the purest expression of escapism in the thriller framework. The probability of a resurgent Nazi movement or state is so small that it is safe to play with. Unlike world-domination by the KGB, or slow strangulation by OPEC, or the barbaric assaults of the Third World, which are no joking matter.

BARBARA BETCHERMAN'S *Suspicious* (Berkley, \$2.75) is another book about this new Nazism on the warpath. And it is quite catchy.

John West, the husband of successful criminal lawyer Sylvia West, vanishes, and sleuthing Sylvia burrows into John's papers, friends and past, and comes up with a plot to establish the Fourth Reich that is so devastating and wild as to addle the mind of any Israelite reader.

It is evident that a woman wrote this book. For example, on page 106, after her husband had been scorched in a terrifying accident,

Benny Morris

and monstrous intruders had tried to abduct her two children in black sacks and knifed her servant, Sylvia looked at her devastated Long Island house and "licked her cigarette into one of the parched flower beds. The place was looking scruffy, as well it might. No one had paid it the slightest attention for several weeks."

And the book begins with pages and pages of wearing middle class husband and wife exchanges: "Your annual cab bill would pay for a Mercedes."

John: "I don't want a Mercedes." And so on, really awful stuff. But the book picks up and grips as Sylvia begins her search for John. You'd think that, after all the quivering, she'd be glad to get rid of him.

Despite some awful passages, the thing holds together, at least till the end.

This isn't true of Sidney Sheldon's latest, *The Naked Face* (Dell \$2.75), which has psychoanalyst Judd Stevens, handsome, suave, brilliant, search among his patients, "through a jungle of sex and violence" (blurb) for a rather efficient psychopathic murderer. Sidney is a woman and by page 10 the killer's identity is clear. So is the dénouement, in which Judd marries the beautiful, misunderstood, enigmatic patient who undergoes six weeks of analysis without telling Judd what her problem is, and without his discovering it. I won't bore you with quotes.

A FAR better thriller is Lawrence Sanders' *The Third Deadly Sin* (Berkley, \$3.75), which provides a fine description of the development and psychology of a woman mass-murderer.

Sanders spends too much time wondering why so few (or no) women have murdered large numbers of strangers. Moreover, his detective hero, Chief Inspector Delaney, now retired, as usual doesn't hold the reader's interest. The story is too long but readable.

A good editor could have turned it into a first-class book. But the detail appalls:

"She poured a full glass of cold grapefruit juice, purchased in quart bottles. On this Thursday morning, March 13th, sipping and swallowing, she downed vitamins A, C, E and B(12), iron and zinc tablets, her birth control pill, a Midol tablet, the capsule for her disease, half a choline tablet, two Anacin, an Alfalfa pill, a capsule said to be rich in lecithin, and another of kelp, a single Librium..." Enough to drive a psychopath crazy — or the reader.

AND LAST but not least on our psychopath's list is *Singled Out* by Steven Whitney (Berkley, \$2.75), which has yet another murderer stalking New York's singles bars for fresh prey. Against him, Whitney sets Virginia, smart and beautiful and a cop, as bait and nemesis. It works, but the final pages are murder. Worth reading, despite some technical defects, and police procedure which would not ensnare even the most minor of criminals.

A GOOD THRILLER which keeps up with the times is *The Harrison Affair* by Gerald Seymour (Dell, \$2.95). British businessman Geoffrey Harrison is kidnapped by a gang of Calabrian mafiosi for a straight ransom — an unremarkable Italian business practice, and hardly a theme for a novel, one would have thought.

But in steps Giancarlo, an extreme Left terrorist, who re-kidnaps Harrison in order to obtain the release of his beloved cell leader and terrorist vamp, Franca Tantarini. As in his previous book, *Kingfisher*, which dealt with a group of Russian Jews hijacking an airliner, Seymour holds his reader, occasionally in an iron grip. But it's a little long, and I'm not sure Seymour has really understood his terrorists.

LAWRENCE SWAIN'S *The Killing* (Pinnacle Books, \$2.95) has an enraged stepfather hunting down a drug addict who raped his daughter and helped destroy his sister. The prose matches the plot, and I couldn't get a handle on the characters — they all seemed to be adrift in a sea of psychodrama sentences.

Gifted story teller

CATHERINE GASKIN is a first-rate storyteller, and in her eighteenth novel, *Family Affairs* (Fontana, £2.50), shows her mature talent. Her domestic drama stretches from Australia to Britain, and embraces the class consciousness of the old country and the free society of the Australian outback. World events provide a shadowy background.

Kelly Anderson, English-born, grows up in the open Australian spaces where her mother is cook to a wealthy family. When the son of the house wants to marry her, after his English wife has been killed in the London Blitz, she takes his baby daughter, too. This reader, her destiny is that of a stepmother: first to the little girl, then to her second husband's two daughters, and then the two sons of the third man in her life.

Yet there are only the bare bones of a convoluted novel with many

Dora Sowden

plausible surprises: her first husband's attempt on Everest, her second husband's return to parliament, and a thriller climax, very well managed. There are no clinical love scenes but there is much sophisticated behaviour. Despite too much chit-chat, and too much repetitive detail, interest is maintained.

THERE IS an odd charm about Golden Lotus (Warner, \$2.50) by Janet Louise Roberts. It follows the current trend of women writers who are casting about for outlandish settings — Hawaii, Alaska, India.

This story is set entirely in Japan. The heroine is an American girl brought up by Japanese foster parents. Eighteen and innocent, she marries an American aged 30 who

doesn't always understand her Japanese reticence. The novel becomes a rather artless progress from one intimate bedroom scene to the next, the husband urgent, the wife reluctant.

There are one or two complications! She suspects him of infidelity; someone tries to steal his formula for making jewellery. Yet the book is both naive and readable.

Book lovers

The Israel Bibliophiles will sponsor a panel discussion, "Book Design and the Israeli Publisher," on Wednesday, February 10, at 8 p.m. at the Schocken Library, 6 Rabin Bldg., Jerusalem. Asher Well, publisher and the new editor of *Arise*, will be the panel moderator; participants will be Chava Mordehovich, designer, Haifa; Yael Barash, publisher (Mastaba), Ramat Gan; and Asher Oron, designer and lecturer (Bezalel), Tel Aviv. Members of *Yedidit Hader* and the public are invited.

THE GRADES, for those who live outside the British Isles, are three Jewish brothers born to a poor Jewish family from Odessa, who made it in the most spectacular fashion to the very top of British society, collecting two life peerages on the way. No doubt they would have accomplished the hat-trick, but one brother, Leslie, died too soon. That left Lew Grade, now Lord Grade of Elstree, and Bernard Delfont, now Lord Delfont of Stepney, a title which must bring joy to many an East End Jewish heart.

Between them, this trio more or less cornered the popular entertainment and leisure market in Britain. Lew Grade presides over an empire that includes ATV, Elstree Film Studios, numerous record companies, several London theatres including the Palladium, the Theatre Royal, and Her Majesty's, television equipment firms, travel agencies, a chain of cinemas, and even famous theatrical costumiers like Berman's and Nathan's (the names you see listed under "stockings by Kayser-Bondor" and "cigarettes by Abdulla" on theatre programmes).

Delfont is chairman and chief executive of a sizeable chunk of EMI, several other famous theatres, the opera house and pier at Blackpool, nightclubs and assorted leisure centres, holiday villages, insurance companies and music publishers. How did they do it? Mostly, one has to say, however unfashionable it may sound, by the application of *yiddishke kop* and through endless grueling work. Lew, now 75, is still at his desk by 7.15 every morning.

Bernard and Lew started off as hoofers — you know, the sort of fellows who come on with straw hats cocked on the side of their heads, and proceed to do identical steps, à la Astaire and Kelly. To cut a long (and not entirely clear) story short, they realized that hoofing was a dead end for them, and borrowed, wangled, gambled and generally adventured their way to the top.

From being small-time theatrical agents they became big-time theatrical agents. Then they presented their own shows, began to own theatres. Always living in style, on one apocryphal occasion Bernard borrowed from the hotel porter to pay the bill. They gave a lot of money to charity (but none to Zionist causes), which partly accounts for the peerages. They never did anything actually unlawful — according to them, they were just that little bit sharper than their competitors. All three married shiksas — as Lew put it, "there were no Jewish chorus girls in those



To discover the naughtiest passages in literature, from Ovid to Jane Austen, has been the pastime of generations of schoolchildren. Now, "The Dirty Bits" (Andre Deutsch, £4.95) have been collected in one volume by Lesley Cunliffe, Craig Brown and Jon Connell so as to appear without the clutter of the surrounding texts.

Making the grade

THE GRADES The First Family of British Entertainment by Hunter Davies. Weidenfeld and Nicholson. 268 pp. £8.95.

LITTLE GLORIA...HAPPY AT LAST by Barbara Goldsmith. Dell. 766 pp. \$4.95.

LA BELLE OTERO The Last Great Courtesan by Charles Castile. Michael Joseph, 192 pp. £8.95.

Aviva Even-Paz

days." This greatly troubled Olga, the archetypal Jewish mother, and clearly the kind of woman behind every great man. The only daughter Rita, after a brief fling on the stage (Bernard: "So you'll be a big star. So what? You'll be unhappy, you'll have a miserable life and you'll have no children. I'm not letting that happen to my sister"), did what every nice Jewish girl should do, she married a Jewish doctor.

They received very little formal education. Once, when Lew was asked if he pined for a higher education, he retorted: "Who didn't have a higher education? I was educated at Rochelle University (the LCC Rochelle St. Elementary School), the East End's finest university!" They had an instinct for "class," for the potential winner, and frowned on pornography. In fact, they had a distinctly puritan streak, and unlike their American counterparts, the Schenks, Zanuck or Harry Cohn, their private lives are exemplary. There is a lot of irony in the fact that Lynda Grade, Leslie's daughter and the first Grade descendant to marry a Jew, had to go to court to

get her father's permission as she was under age. The judge remarked, perspicaciously: "The Grade family were obviously hoping for the very best for their daughter such as a Jewish duke. Unfortunately Jewish dukes are very thin on the ground."

But I think Lew should have been made a duke for the following pearl: On viewing a new TV show he remarked: "That must be culture. It certainly isn't entertainment."

A SAMPLE of Miss Goldsmith's literary style: "Reginald Vanderbilt was a dying man the first night he laid eyes on Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt. Inside his body lethal flakes of fat were coagulating into balls, closing the healthy cells of his liver. Every minute one and a half quarts of blood fought to enter his purification chamber, only to find it necrotic, inflexible. His liver had enlarged in its futile attempt to handle this flow of blood which backed up into the portal vein...etc. etc." Is everything quite clear?

The author has taken a potentially interesting and entertaining tale and turned it into a clumping bore. In the Thirties the Vanderbilt family was riven by the dispute between the young widow Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt and her sister-in-law Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney over custody of "Little Gloria," Reginald and Gloria's child and Gertrude's niece. When the case came to court, the delicious tit-bits enthralled an America sunk in the Depression. The young mother, who had been a penniless nobody (she wasn't one of the Morgans), was accused of lesbian relationships with several women, including no

less than the Marchioness of Milford Haven, the aunt of the Duke of Edinburgh. She was also, as *Time* put it, the "great and good friend" of one A.C. Blumenthal, a get-rich-quick promoter of shady deals.

Forever on the move, she went from New York to Newport to watering places in the South of France and country houses in England. "Little Gloria" was left in the care of nurses. A strong financial motive was imputed to her mother as she had only a relative pittance under the terms of her husband's will. The aunt, Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, rich beyond the dreams of avarice, was a patron of the arts (she founded the Whitney Museum), a talented sculptor and an apparently respectable grandmother. Nobody knew that she had strong lesbian tendencies, and for good measure at the ripe age of sixty was carrying on with her (married) doctor. It never became clear why she wanted custody of the child at all. She too was perpetually inclined. As one graphic headline put it: "Little Gloria" alone...with four hundred servants!

Gertrude won the case, mostly through the incredibly inept handling of witnesses by Gloria's lawyer, who kept on asking the kind of question that let the cat out of the bag. It was obvious that the child was terrified of her mother, and the author has a somewhat unconvincing theory about this. At the time of the Vanderbilt case, there was a furor over the Lindbergh baby kidnapping, and Little Gloria had got it into her head that her mother wanted to kidnap her, and she would meet the fate of the Lindbergh baby.

Instead of writing what could have been a witty and pointed analysis of a vanished era, Miss Goldsmith is content to pile fact on fact. As in much American literature of this genre, there is no moral standpoint to give dignity or depth to a wordy monotony. She asserts that "Little Gloria" is happy at last, having gone through four marriages, one of them to Leopold Stokowski, a man forty-two years older than herself. She has now found herself, "creating" fashion jeans, curtains, towels and other household knick-knacks, and making \$160m. in the process. That must be happiness.

LA BELLE OTERO is another of those legendary beauties, who, to say the least, do not photograph well. What attracted her scores of

rich and famous admirers remains a mystery, although I suspect that she had that elusive "femininity" possessed by all too few females, and an even more enviable capacity never (or hardly ever) to let her heart rule her head, except when the money was right. Tzar Nicholas I, Aristide Briand, Alfonso XIII of Spain, Gabriele Annunzio, the Duke of Westminster, Kaiser Wilhelm, and that well-known sexual turnstile Edward VII, all received her favours and in return decked her out in hideous but valuable jewelry.

Otero, one of the last of the "Grandes Horizontales" ("great lays" in free translation), according to the blurb, epitomized La Belle Epoque, an era supposedly all frolic, can-cans and art nouveau, brittle and heartless, with 1914 looming in the distance.

The daughter of a Spanish gypsy and a Greek officer, she had a genuine love of dancing, and a talent for it which took her across Europe to Moscow and back to the Folies Bergere. The book is full of men who tried to kill themselves for love of her (one actually did), and remarks which we doubt ever got remarked: "Ay my little gypsy, you are here at last, this time you don't escape me... You thought you could inflame me as you inflame all the others and get off scot-free ... oh, no, my lovely gypsy, you are my prey now!" Otero herself had few illusions about the secret of her success: "...she felt that the men who coveted her did so out of vanity, for to be her acknowledged admirer... was a status symbol, meaning that they had the wealth and position to approach her. Any man daring to approach her had to have the wealth of Croesus and to be accepted by her indicated that he had."

When she died (as recently as 1965) an auction was held of her belongings. The jewels inspected by avid buyers turned out to be worthless paste. It was a mystery where the original priceless collection had gone (probably she lost it all gambling, her real passion, next to eating). But to me, there is a greater mystery. During her long career, there was never a rumour that she had been pregnant or had borne a child. She seems, in common with those other notorious "fallen women" of the era, Cléo de Mérode and Liane de Pougy (who became a nun), to have been able to wield her sexuality without paying any of the usual feminine penalties. In short, she beat men at their own game, and this elicits a reluctant kind of admiration.

Pithy and folksy

A WORLD OF PROVERBS by Patricia Houghton. Poole, Dorset, Blandford Press. 150 pp. £4.95.

town by recalling that the Persians consider: a wise man may look ridiculous in the company of fools. But how foolish I was to expect that. A. would have my repair ready on time: truly the Chinese understood what they were talking about when they insisted that experience is a comb nature gives us when we are bald! Home again, to find that himself has not washed the breakfast dishes; mutter darkly at having to adapt the English gentleman's motto: he who would be well served must know when to change

his servant. Feminists of the world unite!" And so on.

HOUGHTON'S PUBLISHERS have done her proud, and produced a good-looking, well-made book. The woodcuts, apparently chosen from almost as many sources as the proverbs, are charming, but, alas, no guide is provided to their provenance. One is tempted to cite the Hungarians: a loan, though old, is no gift.

The book is grouped under headings that may make it useful to a certain variety of after-dinner speakers. The sayings are not remarkable in themselves, but they are amusing at times because they reflect the cultures of their origins.

thus the Swiss assert that the night rinses what the day has soaped; Yiddish insists that your health comes first, you can hang yourself later; Persians define the wise man as one who sits on the hole in his carpet; and the Ashanti maintain that only when you have crossed the river can you say that the crocodile has a lump on his nose.

Patricia Houghton has padded out the book with aphorisms of great writers. Yet any modest dictionary of quotations provides a better selection, and the polished plithiness of great writing sits uneasily with the folksiness of the proverbs.

MY MOST serious quarrel is with what Houghton offers as comment and explanation. Many sections have no introduction at all, others are trite and banal. The introduction to the section on law and lawyers is typical: "Just as the

physician receives short shrift from many countries, so does the lawyer. Many are the hidden bars and many are the proverbs often quoted!" Houghton, one feels, would have done better to heed the advice offered under "silence": "Better say nothing, than nothing to the purpose." She is rather better, in content at least, on English folk customs, but, even here, much is either very well-known, or incomplete.

Nevertheless, there are some jewels, and Yiddish glows among the brightest: It was hard for Satan alone to mislead the world, so he set up rabbis in different localities... And: Measure the corn of others in your own bushel.

All in all, a book that fits neatly into the category of gifts that do not shame the giver, while convincing the receiver that there must be some good in them.

DIYORAH GETZLER

מכאן אל תחזיק

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Using noodles

IN MY mother's post-depression, pre-war New York kitchen, pasta came in three varieties: *lokschen* with soup, spaghetti with ketchup and macaroni with cheese. That was it and we didn't call it pasta. It wasn't until I was confronted with a menu in Naples two decades later (coming from culinarily austere and provincial Israel) that I was introduced to the word. My uncle Charles, who had just spent a year teaching history in Bologna, supervised my initiation into the world of *trenette col pesto*, *pasticcio di lasagne*, *spaghetti alla tarantina*, and the like.

Unfortunately, after two weeks I had to return home. It was carrots in orange juice and fish fillet again. There was simply nothing to go gourmet on. It took another ten years for gourmetism to hit the Israeli *en masse*, but when it did, we were all there ready and waiting, primed as we had been by visits to the outer world, a great leap forward in food production and processing, and the *Time-Life* cookbooks.

Prosperous and prospering, we began to eat our way through the cuisines of the world in what the Germans call an *Edelfressweise*. I myself — a mere sometimes cook — have successfully graduated from the wok and am at present trembling at the edge of a *couscousier*. Still, when all is said and done, there is nothing like pasta — for simplicity, variety, tastiness and value. It is a never-failing, fathomless source of good eating. It is the *ne plus ultra* of grain staples. Dressed properly and accompanied by wine, salad and fruit, it provides the most elegant

SEFER HAPASTA (The Pasta Book) by Beth Elon, Edanim Publishers, Jerusalem. Illustrations: Albert Levi. Translated from the English by Nurit Yehudai. 256 pp. IS200.

Chaya Amir

and sumptuous fare. Beth Elon's *The Pasta Book* is now at the bookstore to teach the Hebrew-reading cook how it's done.

ELON'S BOOK is not merely a collection of pasta recipes for the die-hard sabra who really believes that it's easier to read from right to left. It is a cook-book for all tongues, geared as it to the local market and easy-to-come-by products, and explicit in its instructions. Italian cheeses and noodles are recast into the alphabets of Osem and Froumine, Tnuva, Strauss and Beit Yitzhak. (The noodle catalogue not only gives you the equivalent name and package number of each of the Israeli varieties available at your grocer's, but an illustration as well.) Wherever there are no exact equivalents, Elon offers her own compromise solutions (e.g., instead of *Ricotta* take 50 grams of Strauss *Zfai* cheese and add it to one container of cottage cheese, strained of its liquids).

There are chapters devoted to the purchasing, cooking and storing of pasta, the implements necessary for a good job, the herbs and other seasoning required, and — for the brave — an entire, illustrated chapter on home-production of the pasta itself.

The close to 150 recipes are divided between simple and not-so-simple sauces, casseroles and salads. Only about 15 per cent of the recipes call for meat, chicken, livers, or sausage. Most could be classed as vegetarian and employ the great variety of vegetables available to us most of the year round. A few use fish of the tinned or frozen kind. The big cheese is *kachkeval*, which Elon prefers to the local Parmesan. Olive oil is a must and butter and sweet cream are often called for.

The word *kasher* is on the title page and I immediately translated it to mean "abridged." The 50 per cent of the population which, according to the latest survey, defines themselves as non-religious can easily "unexpurgate" where necessary.

The fact that the book is translated from an English manuscript is obvious only in the more chatty chapters, where a casual English smiles through a somewhat stilted Hebrew. I would have liked to have an English-Hebrew-Italian glossary of food terms somewhere.

The only serious objection I have is to the back cover, which shows Beth Elon triumphantly clutching two egg-plants, and contains a blurb about her husband's challenge to her on their wedding day to prepare 182.5 different meals during the first half year of their marriage. My feminist sensibilities are offended by this kind of Victorian fallout. The book certainly doesn't need it.

It is, otherwise, a very attractive and richly informative book, suitable as a gift and easy to handle — if you are so inclined — in the kitchen. But like other do-it-yourself manuals of sex, gardening and home-repairs, it is meant primarily to be read and enjoyed for itself.

Dirty business

THIS SLIM volume is brought to us by Loompanics Unlimited, the same company that publishes *The Complete Guide to Looting and How to Bury Your Goods: The Complete Manual of Long-Term Underground Storage*, both by Eddie the Wire, not to mention Burgess Laughlin's original *Job Opportunities in the Black Market*.

The present book, says the author, "is a natural extension of *Job Opportunities*," which was "a study of black markets in the USA." The book is not written, but rather compiled from articles solicited by letters to English-language papers. Black markets know no borders or, conversely, borders create black markets. When I was a kid, I remember, fireworks were illegal in the state of Florida, but in the neighbouring states of Georgia and South Carolina huge emporiums along the major highways sold tons of colourful and noisy bombs and rockets. Enterprising youngsters "imported" fireworks and sold them at a profit to their friends. Just about anything that is in short supply or illegal in one place (preferably a combination of the two) and available in another is black marketable.

The book opens with an article from the *Irish Times* on moonshine or poteen (pronounced "poo-cheen"), the "pure stuff" distilled and bottled along the Emerald Isle's west coast. Lately (1977), "some shady characters are spiking the

BLACK MARKETS AROUND THE WORLD by Burgess Laughlin, Mason, Mississippi, Loompanics Unlimited, 84 pp. No price stated.

David Brauner

mash with methylated spirits and bleaches with results not calculated to improve the all-round health of the nation. By comparison to this demonic distillation, the neutron bomb is a harmless plaything." In spite of the Irish government's attempts to ferret out and destroy the industry, the suppliers and demanders seem equally determined to get themselves jailed or killed.

HALF A WORLD away, Egypt's Nile River Valley is producing the most potent poppies on earth. It hardly came as a surprise to me that the capital of the growing area is none other than Asyut, the same town where Moslem extremists stormed the local military outpost hard on the heels of the assassination of President Sadat.

The Associated Press reported in 1978: "Confrontations between the police and the opium growers near Asyut have sometimes been dramatic. Last year, police sent 600 soldiers armed with assault rifles and mortars against the opium traders. Nearly 300 persons were arrested after a shootout. In another

raid, more than 3,000 police stormed outlaw hideouts in the rugged desert mountains near Asyut, confiscating undisclosed amounts of hashish and opium as well as 600 automatic weapons." It appears, then, that religious extremism is not without its economic interests, and that the Sadat government was creating difficult market conditions for the people who eventually eliminated their president.

BLACK marketeering undeniably flourishes everywhere, on street corners and in offices, in bars and behind bars. Yet two communal countries, Hungary and Rumania, claim that, by reason of "the socio-political realities," it is a disease of the past. In the Soviet Union, "parasitic ways of living (i.e., black marketeering) are a rarity in our life of socialism...an exception." affirmed a state prosecutor summing up in an all too common trial for currency violations.

It's even worse in many totalitarian countries where chronic shortages make black markets and exorbitant prices the only way of life. In Uganda, during the chaotic post-Amin era, a two-and-a-half kilo bag of flour cost the equivalent of \$29 on the street. Whoever could afford that was probably better off leaving Uganda.

No doubt about it — black markets are a strange business. Everybody involved is a victim: the governments that make unenforceable laws, the sellers who risk their lives, and the buyers who destroy theirs with forbidden drugs and booze. I, for one, still haven't forgotten the firecracker that exploded in my hand.

IT WAS BY chance I read this book for its author was unknown to me. After reading a few pages, I realized its setting was the landscape of my youth, and its characters were the solid, industrious Swabian peasants I had known so well. Its authenticity, its unaffectedness and its unusual directness captured me. I sensed there was more to it than nostalgia. Something ominous underlay the serenity of village life.

The author, a niece of Konstantin von Neurath, Hitler's first foreign minister and *Reichsprotektor* of Moravia and Bohemia, was 12 years old when her parents took her to a Nazi rally in Stuttgart. She was enraptured by the sight of the Führer, the strutting brownshirts and the ecstatic crowd. "I swore deep in my heart that I would die for the Führer, if that was what he wanted." She didn't die but millions did. Wendelgard von Staden lived to bear witness to the devastation of her country by Hitler, and to the horrors inflicted on the Jews by his regime.

WHEN WAR broke out, she was 14 years old, and growing up in the carefree, sheltered environment of the Swabian landed gentry. Her world stretched from her family's rolling acres to the little valley, the Wiesengrund. Her human environment was provided by the solid, slow-witted, hard-working peasants of her village. Her home was presided over by an extremely conservative father, and dominated by an independent-minded, compassionate, temperamental mother, 20 years younger than her husband.

The father, who had fallen out with his brother Konstantin, not over his politics but because of a disputed inheritance, lived by the traditional German virtues of *Deutschland über Alles* — obedience to authority, a stiff correctness, and hard work. Her mother, who had grown up in a castle by the Rhine, had studied, driven by intellectual curiosity, the writings of Marx and Lenin.

Sowing, planting and harvesting governed the life of the family. It didn't care for Hitler but it

Haunted witness

DARKNESS OVER THE VALLEY by Wendelgard von Staden. New Haven and New York, Ticknor and Fields. 163 pp. No price stated.

Nurit Rafael

didn't oppose him. The father reacted to him with bewilderment and indifference. Wendi's mother knew better. "Contrary to my father she thought that the Nazi rise to power was a catastrophe. That man Hitler is going to make it. The people act like they are drunk. And when he makes it, he is going to rearm. And when he rearms there will be war. And if there is war our country will be destroyed." She saw it clearly, yet when Hitler did make it, she joined the Nazi *Frauenbund*, reluctantly, but she joined. Wendi marched lustily in step with the Hitler Youth, mesmerized by flags, drums and uniforms. Nobody wanted to be an outsider, *mitmachen* — to join — was the order of the day.

THEN CAME the war. The young men from the village, and with passing time and changing fortunes, the older ones, too, were sent to the front. Slave labourers from the occupied countries and prisoners of war took their place. They arrived at first in small groups, then in growing numbers. There were the barefoot Ukrainian girls, and the Russian, Polish, and Hungarian prisoners of war in tattered uniforms. Then were, also nondescript, "detainees," kept apart in a special camp. Who were they? Nobody in the village wanted to know.

ONE DAY a group of men shuffled into the courtyard in front of the von Neurath manor-house. The family, peering out of the window, saw a procession of thin, staggering figures with shaved heads and greenish faces. SS guards with sub-machine guns escorted them. A guard announced that this was the detachment sent from "Camp

Wiesengrund" to work on the estate. This was the first time the von Neuraths had heard of Camp Wiesengrund, a name they were never to forget.

"What sort of prisoners are these men?" asked Wendi's mother. "They look like they've just stepped out of a madhouse." The guard explained that they were Jews. They were led to the barn to load bales of straw. One after another they collapsed. The SS guards beat them mercilessly. A kettle of potatoes was steaming in the courtyard, and Wendi's mother insisted that the prisoners be given something to eat. They grabbed the potatoes, which rolled in the mud, fought over them and gobbled them up, scalding-hot and dirty.

"They are no longer human beings," exclaimed Wendi's mother. "They are Jews, sub-humans," replied the guard.

IT WAS the shock of this encounter which changed Wendi's life. Camp Wiesengrund became its new focus, and ultimately made her write *Darkness over the Valley*. It is a document of a period when darkness had descended over more than the little valley.

Mother and daughter hatched plans to save the surviving Jews in the camp. The story of their desperate race against time is told with epic simplicity. They fed those they could reach, and tried to persuade the camp commander to protect the inmates against the SS guards, who intended to liquidate them before the arrival of the Allied armies.

The first to arrive were the French. No one in the village revealed to them that there was a concentration camp down in the valley, where typhoid-ridden, starving Jews hovered between life and death. The worthy burghers closed themselves in their houses; they hadn't seen or heard anything. All those years they had ignored the horrors committed before their eyes. They had rallied to the Führer, but now everyone tried to save his skin and shirk responsibility. It was Wendi's mother who

led the French commander and his staff to the camp. They encountered what was repeated in hundreds of camps all over liberated Europe: piles of corpses and famished survivors.

SOON THE villagers resumed tilling their fields and reaping their harvest. They were perhaps sadder, but had they become wiser? Their world had collapsed, and the old values had been destroyed like their country. Their new idols were reconstruction and prosperity. But Wendi was interested in a change of outlook. The hugeness of the Nazi aberration had transformed her life. She went abroad to study, joined the diplomatic service of the new democratic *Bundesrepublik*, and married Berndt von Staden, then the ambassador in Washington, and presently the state secretary at the German foreign ministry.

On a foggy November day in 1978 Wendelgard von Staden returned to the landscape of her youth. She walked down into the valley. Where Camp Wiesengrund had stood there was now a cemetery. "Rows of headstones stretched along the crest of the hill — simple stones with numbers carved on them. I could make out the names of a few: 'Saul Silbermann, born in Radom, died here in 1945.' But on most there were no numbers."

For 30 years she could not bring herself to commit to paper the events which had haunted her. She did it at last for her children, she tells us, and for the new German generation. The American writer, John Hersey, once said: "Before you are allowed to forget, you must go through the agony of remembering."

The great merit of this book is its gripping sincerity, and in the agony the author reveals when she recalls Nazi brutality, and the callousness and numbness of her people. The one comfort provided by this shattering book is that there was a drop of humanity in the sea of cruelty. Wendelgard von Staden warns that *mitmachen* — a blind following of the leader — leads to the abyss.

research methods. However, on a level of human understanding, they barely touch the surface.

AS ALREADY remarked this is a specific study. These five groups of women were put on a continuum from most modern (Central European) to most traditional (Arab). However, by current standards, in terms of women's roles most of the women would be considered traditional. Most of the questions not connected to personal sexuality revolved around family and home. This orientation would be inappropriate for women who do not define themselves solely in these terms. It is to the credit of this study that it raises such questions.

However, a great deal of effort is required to turn a sociological study into a readable and interesting book. This is especially true of a study which has relied predominantly on responses to multiple choice questions. The findings are in the appendix, and it was unnecessary to discuss them relentlessly in the context of the book. They should have been used to enhance the discussion. There is a paucity of valuable literature on women, and it is a pity to see publications on that subject that fulfill the scientific but not the literary needs of their readers.

Middle-aged women

A TIME TO REAP by Nancy Datan, Aaron Antonovsky, and Benjamin Mazo. Baltimore, The Johns Hopkins University Press. 194 pp. \$17.50

Ginni Walsh

were asked questions about menstruation, menopause, past and present sexual satisfactions, general satisfaction with their husbands and families, and general fulfilment in life. All the questions asked are included in the book. As a matter of fact, out of 183 pages, 66 are devoted to an explanation of the methods used for the study and to the questions themselves. But the few quotations and limited case histories barely give us the substance needed to finish the study.

The most significant conclusion is that most women, regardless of cultural background, are not disturbed by the onset of middle age, which is largely defined as the loss of fertility. Menopause does not bring with it a feeling that life is over, of psychological crisis, or a sense of sexual undesirability. The subjects

of the study generally welcomed the loss of fertility, and viewed menopause as a natural transition in the life-cycle.

This finding is an obvious contribution to women's studies. It is certainly far more useful to know how women evaluate this stage in their lives than to know how psychiatrists evaluate and analyse it for them. In this sense, the study was an important "drop in the bucket" in the knowledge of this area. Further research, using other methods, will be needed to challenge seriously the traditional attitudes towards the female aging process.

Another significant finding was that the most modern (Central European) and the most traditional (Arab) women ranked highest for psychological well-being. The authors suggest that this may be because these groups are less subject to change. This may provide a partial explanation but it would have been worthwhile elaborating this interesting idea.

THE AUTHORS are well aware of the limitations of their research framework. They are correct when they suggest that the reader will

regret not hearing the women speak for themselves. That we have to be satisfied with percentages is, again, appropriate for a study. However, the voices of the women themselves might have given this work the warmth and vitality it largely lacks. Another acknowledged shortcoming is that we do not hear from the husbands' marital satisfaction but we might have been very surprised by how men respond themselves to questions concerning their satisfaction.

The authors are sensitive to cultural differences, and this shows in the interpretation of their findings. For example, Arab women stated that they were less needed by family members. However, the Arab women of this sample had the largest families, and spent a great deal of satisfying time with family members and relatives. The majority of these women were deeply involved with both the immediate and extended family. The authors suggest that these women may have taken the fact that they are needed for granted. Arab women may just understand what it means to be needed in a different manner from the other groups who were questioned. Their suggestion provides an example of a survey approach that gives us more information about people than on other

research methods. However, on a level of human understanding, they barely touch the surface.

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הכרזת האיסור

WHAT WOULD YOU say if you were offered a meal of mullard and ya'ez, spaghetti-fruit, cokurusnaj, cottonseed loaf, guaraná, and Hal-lelujah?

Before you turn down the invitation, know that you'd be getting new species of duck and goat, cooked squash, a cornmeal dish, nutty-flavoured dark bread, a Brazilian soft drink, and an orange-flavoured liqueur.

All are new to Israel, some were developed here, and all are kosher. Most were on display last week during Israel Food Week at the Tel Aviv Hilton, or were served in its



grill-room. The Brazilian drink just happened to be introduced during the same week, at a press reception at the Israel-Brazil Cultural Centre.

I'm not sure why we need a new, imported, carbonated drink, but it's a free country, and guaraná is reportedly unique. Within a year or so, there is supposed to be a bottling plant here to serve those countries of the region which buy from Israel.

Guaraná is a native bush of the Amazon area; the Indians thereabouts toast and grind its brown seeds, which look like hazelnuts, to prepare a beverage that is said to have health-enhancing properties. In concentrated form, guaraná powder supposedly does all sorts of things from cleaning the blood to increasing potency.

The small amount of this powder that goes into a tin of guaraná soft drink — along with water, sugar, etc. — is sufficient only to give it a characteristic flavour, which is hard to describe. My family and I find it too sweet; local Arabs who try it say it reminds them of tawel, a honey-based drink. The brand-name of the new product is Guarana Antarctica. It sells in tins of 330 cc. for between IS13 and IS14, about the price of cider. It is found at grocery stores and restaurants, but not yet in supermarkets.

The importers are Mel Brenner, an Israeli who lived for some time in Brazil and fell in love with the people and their national soft drink, and José (Yosef) Zajac, son of a Lubavitcher Hasidic family. (In Brazil) who married into a Safed family. It was on the instructions of the Lubavitcher Rebbe that young Zajac undertook the guaraná import project, rather than return to the family textile business in Brazil.

Guaraná Antarctica holds the ultra-Orthodox Kashrut certificate of the Hacham Seder group in Bnei Brak, and hence is expected to be popular with the ultra-religious circles that do not accept Coca-Cola, for instance.

The guaraná drink is said to contain only "natural" ingredients, and has no preservatives. Some other Antarctica drinks, including beer, water, and lemonade (which some might think is already available in Israel), are also for export.

THE TEL AVIV Hilton, the creative cooking "as it appears on the Hilton's 'creative cooking' menu which comes along with the regular menu in the King Solomon Grill. Spaghetti-fruit is a relative of the pumpkin, and at the moment it is raised only at Kibbutz Sa'ad in the south. It's a summer vegetable, but it has a very long shelf-life and the Hilton still has some. It is served as a cooked vegetable, looks like thin spaghetti and tastes like marrow.

Nibl

MARKETING WITH MA

one of these walks that he discovered the "spaghetti-fruit," as its growers call it, or "spaghetti squash" as it appears on the Hilton's "creative cooking" menu which comes along with the regular menu in the King Solomon Grill. Spaghetti-fruit is a relative of the pumpkin, and at the moment it is raised only at Kibbutz Sa'ad in the south. It's a summer vegetable, but it has a very long shelf-life and the Hilton still has some. It is served as a cooked vegetable, looks like thin spaghetti and tastes like marrow.

PRIVATE consumers shouldn't bother looking in the markets for it until next summer. The Vegetable Production and Marketing Board asked me to urge consumers to use those vegetables that are at the height of their season now and quite cheap — particularly cauliflower, cabbage and Chinese cabbage.

One day last week, the Marketing Board took three tons of export surplus Chinese cabbage and distributed it free (together with recipe leaflets) from trucks driving through the Dan region. The leaflets should be available at neighbourhood greengrocers and supermarkets; if not, you can pick one up free at the Marketing Board headquarters, 2 Carlebach (Beit Ma'ariv) in Tel Aviv.

The Hilton's creative menu changes every week or so depending on what ingredients are available, but two of the frequent meat listings are ya'ez and mullard. The ya'ez, a purely Israeli breed, is raised at Kibbutz Lahat in the Negev. Three-quarters ibex (ya'el) and one-quarter ordinary desert goat (ez), it has the harder constitution of the desert goat, which can go for days without water. Unlike many hybrids, the ya'ez can reproduce itself: it is kosher.

In the long run, the ya'ez may help feed hungry Third World populations in arid regions, but at present it is a gourmet delicacy for the affluent, fetching IS350 as a main course at the Hilton. After April 1, the hotel expects to have ample supplies every day.

I was told it tasted like lamb, but found it tasted more like beef. There is practically no fat and none of the "gamey" taste one would expect from a goat.

ANOTHER Hilton favourite, the mullard, is available at other top restaurants and a few poultry outlets. Mullard (also written "mular," "mular," or "moulard") is a sterile cross-breed duck, a combination of the wild Muscovy and the domesticated Peking. It is a prized item on European tables, both for its beef-like meat, and its liver, comparable to goose liver but a little cheaper. The breast is often compared to fillet steak.

I know of three places that sell mullard: Mercat Ha'Avaz (the Gush Center), 21 Hasharon, near Tel Aviv; Central Bus Station, Last Floor, Tel Aviv; and the Hilton. The Hilton's mullard is raised at Kibbutz Sa'ad in the south. It is served as a cooked vegetable, looks like thin spaghetti and tastes like marrow.

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Another place to buy gourmet fowl is Meat Products Hucarmel in Binyamina; it is also kosher and cheaper than the others, if you can get to it. The processing plant and wholesaler-retailer are located just off the old Tel Aviv-Haifa highway, four kilometres north of the Caesarea junction. As of last week, whole mullard was selling there for IS35 a kilo, the breast alone for IS100.

THE TEL AVIV Hilton is the only place I know where you can sample breads and pastries made with the new cottonseed flour. Called Miloupro, the product comes from the Milu'ot Industries of the Western Galilee kibbutzim; it increases the protein content of bread and also lengthens its shelf-life without preservatives. As with ya'ez meat, cottonseed powder in bread may prove a way of getting more protein to undernourished people, but for the time being it is simply a novelty food for the prosperous.



The cottonseed-enriched rolls served in the Hilton grill-room are very soft, but the big loaf of cottonseed bread I purchased from the Hilton lounge's take-away pastry counter was rather dry and crumbly. The Miloupro people say its texture depends partly on the percentage of cottonseed flour used. The big round loaf sells for IS30 — fifteen times the price of subsidized standard bread.

I SPENT several hours wandering around Food Week booths and found much to interest the local consumer, though the show's emphasis was on the export market. As a result, I am eagerly awaiting a new cornmeal product due out any day now from Masada's Bar, a Kibbutz Eilat firm. This is the company which makes the thick-sliced Shinar Bread, fruit bread, rusks, etc., sold in cellophane-wrapped packages on grocery shelves.

Its new product is a sausage-shaped kilo package of ready-cooked and pasteurized maize flour. Whether one is familiar with (orilla), mamilija, potenta, cokurusnaj (which is South American) or some other cornmeal dish, this product can be used as a base for making it. An early thing to

tradition... the local market soon is Egyptian-style Felafel, which is made with fahl beans.

AT THE BOOTH of Baltimore Spices I chatted with sales manager Richard Lessans. This is a subsidiary of the Jewish-owned U.S. spice company of the same name which claims to be the third largest industrial spice outfit in the world. Its Haifa-based factory is today the major supplier of spices to Israeli food factories, hotels and restaurants. Four months ago, Baltimore Spices entered the local retail market and promptly won the government's 1982 first prize for food packaging. Its local distributor is called Elmore and has Elite as a partner.

I discussed with Lessans a recent item on TV's *Kolbotek*, which showed that it is much more economical to buy spices in bulk from old-fashioned shops than in attractive packets in supermarkets. Lessans admitted that spices weighed out in bulk are usually cheaper and, if ground on the spot, are probably stronger in flavour as well; however, he contended that they are not clean and anyone who sees the primitive-looking shops which sell them so cheaply will realize that the open bags attract insects and dirt.

Cinnamon, for example, comes from the bark of a tree, which may have been infested by bugs. "We clean ours, and send it to a lab to check for bacteria before grinding," Lessans said. "If you are cooking with spices, any bacteria will probably be destroyed. But if you sprinkle unclean spices on raw foods, or food already cooked, you may get undesirable effects."

ANOTHER *Kolbotek* programme, about the problems Celiac disease sufferers have in getting a regular and cheap supply of imported gluten-free flour, inspired the Dabek cigarette conglomerate to acquire a babyfood firm called Bar-Kat and introduce a new line of gluten-free bread and cake mixes. Potato flour and cornflour substitute for the wheat flour which Celiac sufferers cannot tolerate.

The new product is in the process of being classified as a "medicine" under the Health Ministry definition, to allow its free or cheap acquisition through sick fund prescriptions. Meanwhile, the ministry is still subsidizing imported deglutenized flour to the tune of 35 per cent of its price. Bar-Kat spokesmen told me, without subsidies, Bar-Kat's products carry a factory price of IS37 a kilo, com-

pared with IS120 to IS200 for the imports. Bar-Kat says the Histadrut Kupat Holim has been buying from it for a year.

THERE IS increasing health consciousness in other companies too. A Koor affiliate, Hayes of Ashdod, makes a concentrate from soybeans which is called So-Bit and is said to help reduce the sugar levels in diabetics, as well as aid the obese to control their diets. It is sold in pharmacies, as is Promolac, a special milkless formula for infants. I would suggest that neither be used without consulting a physician.

Another Koor affiliate is Shefa Arad, which makes textured vegetable protein from soybeans. It can be used as a meat replacement or meat extender. Koor food technologist Dr. Dov Hartal tells me efforts are being made to improve this soya product so that it can be used even by that small percentage of the population which today finds it difficult to digest or apt to produce flatulence.



A HAIFA firm, Rosben, will soon be producing five types of liqueur in vacuum-sealed packets, similar to those used for dehydrated soups — no doubt to enable people to carry an alcoholic beverage in their pockets. Under the label "Dellah," they will be for export only at first, but they will be available at Ben-Gurion Airport's duty-free shop.

For the local market, Rosben will soon be offering Pine-Colada and Cho-Colada mixes, also in packets; these require only the addition of fresh milk.

I HAVE TWO more items of food news, not connected with Food Week:

Residents of the Dan area can send gifts of home-delivered decorative baskets of local fruits, a new service by Roland Fruit Baskets of Ramat Chai.

The "standard" straw basket contains 4.5 kilo of choice seasonal fruits (seven to eight types) plus nuts and dates, and sells for IS156.80. The "de luxe," at IS224, weighs a kilo more and includes a "luxury" fruit — either strawberries or pineapple or kiwi.

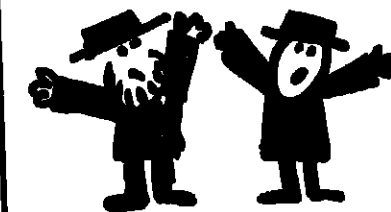
Delivery is free in Tel Aviv, Ramat Gan and Givatayim, but costs IS40 to other towns in the area. The baskets are wrapped in cellophane and decorated with ribbons and flowers.

Roland Koster suggests them as gifts for Tu B'Shvat and Purim — or any occasion, and requests 24 hours' advance notice for orders. The address is 18 Amos, Ramat Chai 233, Tel. 03-749628 or 03-771842.

THE RABBINATE of Tel Aviv-Jaffa has just published a new edition of a booklet listing the local butchers, poultryers, pastry shops, restaurants, hotels and even office canteens which are under its kashrut supervision. The booklet is available free, from the Tel Aviv-Jaffa Religious Council, Rosh Ur 1, Tel Aviv 64-954. It is in Hebrew only, and contains instructions on how to kosher meat at home, as well as where to shop and eat out.

The Weekend Dry Bones

THEY PRAISED FOR RAIN...



AND IT RAINED...

AND IT RAINED...

AND IT RAINED...

AND IT RAINED SO HARD THAT...

...THEY HAD TO RUN THE KINNERET OVERFLOW INTO THE TIBERIAS SEWAGE SYSTEM!

...THEY STARTED RUNNING GONDOLAS IN BEER SHEVA!

0 SOLD MID...

...THE CITRUS GROVES WERE CONVERTED TO RICE PADDIES!

...YAMIT SUNK!

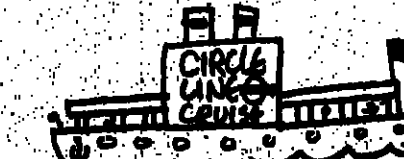
...PEOPLE IN THE DEAD SEA SANK!

...THE DRIP IRRIGATION PEOPLE CAME OUT WITH SPONGE PIPE TO DRY THE SOGGY FIELDS!

SLURP SLURP

PEOPLE WITH LAWNS WERE REQUIRED BY LAW TO WATER TWICE A DAY!

EXCURSION BOATS CRUISED THE NEGEV WADIS!



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